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# THE MUMMY!

A TALE

OF

THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY.

“ Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up ?”

1 SAM., xxviii. 15.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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# THE MUMMY.

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## CHAPTER I.

WHEN Roderick and Dr. Entwerfen returned to the camp, they found Edric most impatiently awaiting their arrival. He was too much agitated to speak; and the worthy doctor found all his troubles amply repaid by the interest his friends took in his welfare.

Whilst Dr. Entwerfen was employed in relating his adventures to Edric, Roderick was occupied by a task far more difficult and important than any he had yet undertaken, viz. that of organizing and of providing for the

disorderly multitude that had thronged into his camp from the city: their number was immense; men, women, and children, crowded round their deliverer, falling upon their knees, blessing him and kissing the edge of his garments. Roderick was affected even to tears: "For Heaven's sake, my good friends," said he, "spare me; I have done but my duty; I have been but an humble instrument in the hands of Providence; address your thanks to him: there they are due."

Roderick, however, was quite aware it was not enough to have saved these people: he knew he must do something to provide them with food and lodging; and that if he did not, when the first moment of enthusiasm should be passed, unpleasant scenes must inevitably take place. He accordingly made dispositions to this effect, with a prudence and sagacity that would have done credit to far more advanced years. Temporary huts were erected, till the streets of Seville could be cleared of the ruins that encumbered them, and the houses in some measure repaired. Shelter for the inhabitants

bēing thus provided, Roderick harangued the magistrates, directing them to take the people under their direction. These sapient ministers of justice gladly gave him possession of the town, which Roderick was too generous to assume without their permission, and acknowledged themselves and the garrison prisoners of war. The peasants, when they found the kindness with which the citizens had been treated, flocked in with provisions, and the camp of the Irish monarch soon resembled an immense fair.

Alexis had followed his master during the whole of these arrangements, and had frequently sighed deeply as they proceeded. "What is the matter with the boy?" said Roderick in one of these moments: "I cannot imagine why he looks so melancholy!"

The boy enthusiastically clasped his hands together, looking up to Heaven, as though murmuring an inward prayer.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Roderick with astonishment.

The boy took his master's hand, pressing



it first to his lips, and then vehemently to his heart, and knelt before him, reverentially bending his forehead to the earth. The next moment, however, officers entering for directions, the attention of Roderick was diverted and Alexis forgotten.

In the mean time, M. de Mallet and his daughter, who had been exceedingly agitated by the events of the day, thought not of repose, but sat in the tent prepared for them, conversing upon the merits of their deliverers.

“ I never saw a finer countenance,” said M. de Mallet, “ so noble, so animated, and yet so good.”

“ Good indeed,” ejaculated his daughter; “ surely if we could believe a superior spirit would ever descend upon earth, such would be the form he would assume !”

“ How kindly he spoke, and how considerately !” exclaimed the father.

“ How attentive he seemed, and how delicate !” rejoined the daughter.

“ Such a majestic figure !”

“ Such a graceful manner !”

“It is so rare to find such condescension in so great a monarch.”

“Monarch!” cried Pauline: “were you speaking of Roderick, father?”

“And of whom were you speaking, child?” returned her father, turning quickly round, and fixing his eyes upon her.

“Of—of—Mr. Montagu, father,” replied Pauline, casting down her eyes and deeply blushing.

“Pauline!” said M. de Mallet. She started at the sound of her father’s voice, and looked timidly up in his face. “Pauline,” repeated he, “my dear child, beware!”

At this moment a roar of cannon shook the tent; the sound echoed by the walls of the town, and leaping from hill to hill in lengthened peals, Pauline sunk upon her knees, hiding her face in her father’s lap. “My child! my beloved child!” cried M. de Mallet, bending over her as though to shield her from danger, “Heaven defend thee!”

In this painful situation, the father and daughter continued till the cannonading ceased.

All was now still ; and awful was the calm that succeeded such a tumult. Pauline raised her head, and looked fearfully around. “ Come, my child,” said her father, “ let us endeavour to ascertain who are victors.”

Pauline rose from her knees, and, leaning upon her father’s arm, accompanied him to the opening of the tent ; but she shrunk back, shuddering at the horrid scene that presented itself. Their tent was situated at the extreme edge of the camp, and commanded a view of the whole field of battle where the combat of the morning had taken place. The plain that stretched to their left, lay covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, whilst a multitude of horses broken loose, galloped over the field, plunging, snorting, and crushing beneath their hoofs, the bodies of their fallen riders.

In some places, the branches of half broken trees strewed the ground, whilst their mutilated trunks, perforated with shot, remained as melancholy relics of their former beauty. Swords and helmets, mingled with overturned waggons and military utensils of all kinds, were

scattered in wild disorder around. The earth, ploughed up by the cannon balls in deep furrows, save where the ridges had been beaten flat by the feet of the combatants, looked wild and uneven as the waves of the mighty ocean arrested in the moment of tempest. Blood lay in pools upon the ground; and clotted gore, mingled horribly with remnants of human bones and brains, hung to the still standing bushes, disfiguring the fair face of nature.

Pauline shuddered, and turned eagerly to the other side of the landscape, which commanded a view of the town. Here still, however, she found nothing but death and war. It was the moment when the explosion of the petard set fire to the wooden bulwark; and Roderick and Edric leaped through the flames upon the beach. The bright glare of the blazing bulwarks relieved strongly their dark figures, and Pauline distinctly saw and recognized them for a moment, though the next they were lost in a cloud of smoke. She screamed, and grasped her father's arm in convulsive agony. M. de Mallet was scarcely less agitated than herself;

and, as the smoke cleared away, they saw distinctly through its flaming volumes, Roderick and Edric upon the breach, opposed by a crowd of Spaniards, and fighting with inveterate fury. "Roderick is on his knees," cried M. de Mallet. "But see! he rises suddenly, and plunges the Spaniard, who had raised his sword to cut him down, into the flames." Pauline did not speak; but she gasped for breath, and held her father's arm yet more tightly than before. Edric was now seen grappling hand to hand with a Spaniard, when the fire and smoke closed upon him and hid him from their view. The next instant, a tremendous crash was heard, and loud shouts, followed by a rush of men; it was the sortie of the besieged.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Pauline, turning pale, and resting her head upon her father's shoulder, "war is a dreadful thing."

"You are faint, my child," replied M. de Mallet; "this is no fitting scene for you. Shall we go in?"

"Oh, no, no!" cried Pauline feebly; "I cannot leave the spot." Here shouts of "Roderick!



Roderick for ever ! Roderick and glory !” rung in their ears. Pauline shuddered ; a faint sickness crept over her ; the scene seemed to swim before her eyes ; and she would have fallen, but for the supporting arm of her father. At this moment, some soldiers, carrying a bier, passed at a little distance from the tent. Upon it lay the body of an officer ; his head hung back, his long thick hair was matted with gore, and a ghastly wound gaped on his uncovered breast. Pauline could bear no more—she thought it was Edric, and she fell fainting into her father’s arms.

M. de Mallet bore her back into the tent, and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to enable him to think of any thing but herself, he dispatched one of the soldiers, appointed to attend them, to ascertain if the Irish monarch had escaped. The soldier did not return ; and M. de Mallet, too impatient to remain in his tent, sallied forth to learn the news himself. Scarcely was he gone, however, when the soldier’s wife, whom he had called to the assistance of Pauline, perceived the town was on fire. Pauline’s agitation now became excessive ; she

trembled in every limb, and listened till the sense of hearing seemed agony. She could not comprehend the cause of the noise and bustle made by the citizens, as they came crowding into the camp; she looked forth, but the throng of half naked men, women, and children, that came hurrying along, seemed inexplicable; she stopped a woman, who, half dressed, had her clothes tucked up in one hand, whilst with the other she led two half naked children—"What is the matter?" asked she. "Roderick," cried the woman bewildered in her grief, "God bless the noble Roderick!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Pauline of two young men, bearing between them a bed containing their sick father.

"Roderick!" shouted the pious Spaniards.  
"Heaven, in its mercy, bless Roderick!"

Pauline was proceeding in her inquiries, though without the smallest hope of receiving a direct reply, the hearts and minds of Spaniards being so full of Roderick, that no other name could find utterance from their lips, when she perceived her father.



“ My dearest father !” cried she, running to him; “ now I shall know all ! What is the matter ?”

“ Roderick, the noble Roderick is safe !” repeated M. de Mallet. Pauline was chagrined—she longed to hear of Edric, and she envied, for his sake, the renown of the Irish hero. “ Can you, too, speak of nothing but Roderick ?” said she, somewhat reproachfully.

“ And of whom else should I speak ?” replied her father. “ Who else deserves to be spoken of ? for surely he is the bravest ! the noblest of men !”

“ I do not doubt it,” observed Pauline coldly. “ Every tongue utters his praise—every breast swells with gratitude at his goodness—and every hand is raised to Heaven in prayers on his behalf.

“ Have there been many persons killed ?” asked Pauline.

“ How can you ask so foolish a question ?” replied her father. “ Do you not see the ground heaped with slain ?”

“ But persons of note, I mean ?”

“ Let me see ; I think they said there were

the Generals H— and M—, and Counts L—, P— and T—.”

“ Oh !” groaned Pauline, impatiently.

“ And besides, I think they say Mr. Montagu is seriously wounded.”

“ I feared so !” sighed Pauline, “ he is so brave.”

“ Yes—every one says he is brave, and implores blessings upon his name—for he saved the life of Roderick !”

Pauline’s countenance had beamed with triumph at the commencement of this sentence ; but it rather fell at the conclusion. She did not quite like her hero to owe his glory to any one but himself.

M. de Mallet continued: “ His bravery and nobleness of spirit were unequalled. Every one praises him. There is certainly something very extraordinary in the character of the English. Their daring tempers and love of adventure lead them to quit peace and riches in their native country, to seek glory and distinction elsewhere. This Mr. Montagu is really an exalted young man.”

Pauline's eyes flashed joy—she felt she loved her father better than ever—she could have embraced him as he spoke, for the praise of Edric sounded as the sweetest music in her ears. Strange that so slight an acquaintance should have produced so strong a passion ! but such and so inexplicable is love.

Pauline had now patience to hear the explanation of her father respecting Roderick. She even felt pleasure in the repetition of his exploits, for he was the friend of Edric ; and she retired to rest—happy in herself, and contented with all the world ; having been first assured by her father that the surgeon confidently expected Edric would soon recover. Pauline, however, would have been very much puzzled to explain the cause of the excessive contentment that she felt. The situation of herself and father was as hopeless as ever. They were still prisoners in a strange land, without fortune, without friends ; but so little does happiness depend upon external circumstances, that the breast of Pauline seemed to have been a stranger to it till now.

After arranging every thing for the comfort of the refugees and his own soldiers, Roderick took a few hours of hurried repose. When he rose in the morning, he sent his compliments to M. de Mallet and his daughter to demand permission to wait upon them. This was instantly and gladly accorded, and in a few minutes the Irish hero was in their tent.

“ I condole with your Majesty upon the situation of your friend,” said M. de Mallet, the moment he saw him: “ I hope he is better.”

The monarch smiled ; he forgave the abruptness of the question, in favour of the excellence of the motive, and he replied that Mr. Montagu was fast recovering. “ He regrets exceedingly,” added he, “ that it is not in his power to pay his devoirs here”—bowing to Pauline, “ and well can I sympathize with him, as I know what he loses.”

Pauline inquired modestly the particulars of the combat. “ Upon my word, Madam,” replied Roderick, “ I know very little about it.”

“ I thought your Majesty had been engaged.”

“ That is the very reason. If I had not, the case might have been different ; but as it was, I only just saw a great many people that tried to kill me, and a great many that I tried to kill, and the smoke hid all the rest.”

“ A very satisfactory account of a battle, upon my word,” cried M. de Mallet, smiling ; “ but other people saw more of your Majesty’s acts than you did yourself ; and they say, you performed prodigies of valour.”

“ It is very kind of them to say so,” said Roderick, “ for I am sure it is more than they know.”

“ Your Majesty’s modesty wishes to throw a veil over your valour,” observed Pauline, “ but luckily it cannot be concealed.”

“ Your praises, Madam, would make any man a coxcomb,” returned the Monarch : “ I own I have not the courage to refuse commendations from your lips.”

Pauline blushed—she fancied she had said too much, and now remained silent.

“ I cannot describe how much I admire your Majesty’s leniency to the inhabitants of the city,” said M. de Mallet: “ it proves your benevolence is equal to your valour, though indeed it was sound policy to act as you have done; for by this you have conciliated the hearts of the Spaniards; whereas, if you had exercised any cruelty, they would have risen against you *en masse*; but this, I dare say, your Majesty considered.”

“ Indeed,” replied Roderick smiling, “ my Majesty considered no such thing; I only thought as a man: I did not like to see my fellow-creatures burnt to death, or poniarded if they attempted to escape; I should not have liked it at all, if I had been in a similar situation, and so I did all in my power to save them—that is all I know about the matter. But to change the subject, I have a great favour to beg of you, Mademoiselle de Mallet.”

“ What is it?” asked Pauline: “ your Majesty has only to speak to be obeyed.”

“ Oh! for Heaven’s sake do not talk of obedience—it is I who should obey—I only



ask a favour, and that is, that you will permit me to bring Dr. Entwerven to kneel at your feet and kiss your fair hand, in token of his homage."

"I would not advise Pauline to let him kneel," said M. de Mallet laughing, "as I fear, if she does, there will be some difficulty in getting him up again."

"Your Majesty's commands,—" said Pauline.

"Do not talk of commands," interrupted Roderick; "I hate the word."

"Your Majesty's wishes, then," continued Pauline smiling, "shall be complied with."

"This evening, then," cried the gay monarch, "the doctor shall make his appearance. Till then, adieu!"

"Will your Majesty have the kindness to present my best wishes to Mr. Montagu for his recovery," requested M. de Mallet.

"Certainly," replied Roderick; "but am I to tell Edric that Mademoiselle de Mallet has no wishes for his welfare?"

"I wish—I hope—that is, I think——" stammered Pauline.



“My daughter means her sentiments are exactly similar to my own upon the subject,” said M. de Mallet gravely; for he was not at all pleased with the interpretation he thought the King might put upon the embarrassment of his daughter.

“Very well!” repeated Roderick provokingly: “I shall tell Edric, that M. de Mallet and his daughter think exactly alike of him.—That is it, is it not?”

M. de Mallet was about to reply, when the King, nodding and waving his hand, bade them adieu, and hurried away. “I don’t know what to make of the Irish hero,” said M. de Mallet, the moment he had left them. “With all his good qualities, there is something very strange about him: I don’t know what to make of him!”

Pauline sighed assent; though she did know what to make of him very well, for she fancied he saw, and ridiculed her partiality for Edric. This idea roused every spark of pride in her nature; she could not bear the thought of being supposed to give her love unsought, and she determined when she next

saw Roderick to show by her coldness and indifference, when Edric was mentioned, how completely he had been deceived.

When Roderick left the tent of M. de Mallet, he returned to Edric, whom he found pale and feeble.

“You are the happiest fellow in existence, Edric!” said he: “I would willingly give all my glory, and even my demoniacal renown, that the Spaniards talk so much about, to be able to call up such blushes to the cheek of beauty as your name can raise. Oh! if you had seen Pauline. By Heaven! she is the loveliest creature I ever beheld in my life!”

As he spoke, Alexis, the Greek page, who had been crouching rather than sitting at the foot of Edric’s couch, resting his head upon his hands, and looking absorbed in grief, uttered a faint cry, and rushed out of the tent.

“There is something very extraordinary about that boy,” said Roderick, looking after him.

“There is, indeed,” replied Edric, “and I have something that I wish to communicate

to you respecting him:" and in a few words he related what had passed the preceding night in the tent.

"Impossible!" cried Roderick, "you must have been dreaming, Edric! What communication would the boy hold with Alvarez? You know he is dumb. Besides, even if Alvarez were inclined to plot against me, he is too prudent and reserved to make a confidant of a beardless boy!"

"I simply relate the facts as they occurred," said Edric; "I do not pretend to explain them. But I can assure you, I was neither dreaming nor delirious."

"It is very strange!" repeated Roderick musing, "and it corresponds remarkably with what I have observed myself." For some moments he remained lost in thought; but it was not in his gay and joyous nature to suffer any thing to depress him long; and the next instant, Alexis was forgotten.

The fall of Seville, and the destruction of the army sent to defend it, produced a powerful effect upon the destinies of Spain. The

Cortes again sent ambassadors to negotiate with the Irish hero; but, taught by experience, he now received them haughtily, refusing to treat with them but as a conqueror; and to put his threats in execution he determined to advance immediately upon Madrid.

“We must follow up our victory,” said he to Edric, after he had somewhat contemptuously dismissed the deputies from the shattered remnant of their allied army, who came to sue humbly at his feet for peace. “These people are treacherous beyond description. They do not understand leniency, and they must be treated with sword in hand. I am thoroughly tired of them; their fickleness and uncertainty have quite disgusted me; I will therefore march to Madrid, establish Don Pedro as their sovereign, and take my leave of them for ever.”

“I am rejoiced to hear it!” exclaimed Edric. “You will then return to Ireland, and devote your time to your own subjects.”

“I will try to satisfy them as well as I can; but as perfection cannot be ex-

pected all at once, you must not be surprised if some day I should fly off in a tangent, and take it into my head to colonize the moon."

Edric laughed: "If you promise to wait till then," said he, "I shall be satisfied."

"You may not find my project so wild as it appears," rejoined Roderick. "The moon is a very pretty, mild, modest-looking planet, and I must own I should like amazingly to see what kind of inhabitants she contains; and if I should determine to go there, here is a gentleman who I am sure will be quite ready to accompany me."

Dr. Entwerfen entered the tent as he spoke. "Of what was your Majesty speaking?" asked he.

"Of a voyage to the moon," said Roderick. "Will you go with me?"

"With all my heart," cried the little doctor, rubbing his hands and looking all glee at the thought.

"There, I told you so," said Roderick, laughing.

“ I should have thought the many adventures you have met with had cured your passion for travelling,” rejoined Edric.

“ Cured him ! Given him a zest for it, you mean,” replied Roderick. “ The appetite for travelling always grows with what it feeds upon ; and though the doctor may boast

‘ That he *has* fair Seville seen,  
So *is* a traveller, I ween,’

yet I do not doubt but that he is just as eager to explore new places as ever.”

“ Yes,” returned the doctor, “ I certainly did see Seville.”

“ Every part of it, my dear fellow, from its palaces to its dungeons,” resumed Roderick ; “ nay, I believe you were very near being indulged with a view of its ropes. ”

The doctor did not quite relish this raillery. “ I can assure your Majesty—”

“ *Apropos de bottes*,” cried Roderick, interrupting him, “ I had entirely forgotten I promised to introduce you to Mademoiselle de Mallet. We will go now. Will you accompany us, Edric ? I am sorry to ask you to do



any thing so disagreeable ; but I think it will be but decent to kiss hands, take leave, and all that sort of thing, before we set out for Madrid : besides, it may be as well to make some kind of provision as to what is to become of them in our absence."

" Then you will not take them with you ?" said Edric, despondingly.

" Who ever heard of such a thing ?" cried Roderick ; " How could I possibly ask the lovely Pauline to endure the inconveniences of travelling with a camp ? I really have not the assurance to attempt it."

Edric sighed deeply ; and his countenance assumed an expression of so much melancholy that Roderick laughed immoderately : " I could not have believed it possible," cried he, " that you could ever become such a sighing Strephon ; the thing's incredible !"

" The pain of my wounds," said Edric, blushing ; for even philosophers don't like to be laughed at.

" The pain in your heart !" repeated Roderick, mimicking him. " But, come ! come !



I can pity you. I have been in love at least fifty times myself—so I know what it is.”

“But I am not in love,” remonstrated Edric.

“Denial is one of the most dangerous symptoms,” resumed Roderick, gravely. “Experienced physicians rarely think their patients really ill, till they are not conscious of it themselves. Let me feel your pulse.”

“Psha,” said Edric, impatiently.

“Will you go then !” asked Roderick, laughing ; and to avoid being farther tormented by his raillery, Edric hastily rose from his couch, and declared himself ready to attend him. The injuries he had received, having been only flesh wounds inflicted with a sabre, had now nearly healed ; and the only change they had produced in his appearance, had been to make him look more pale and interesting, one arm being supported by a sling, and a bandeau bound round his forehead. Pauline’s eyes sparkled when she saw him, in spite of her intended indifference ; and she could not command her voice so entirely, but that its tremulous tone betrayed her inward agitation.

Edric's eyes also involuntarily expressed his pleasure; whilst the gay laugh and arch look of Roderick told that he was perfectly aware of what was passing in the mind of each. Doctor Entwerfen, however, saw nothing of the kind, his mind being quite absorbed in the delightful contemplation of his own glory. He had been presented to M. de Mallet by Roderick, as "his friend and counsellor, the learned and justly celebrated Dr. Entwerfen;" and that moment seemed a sufficient reward for a whole life of misery, the doctor's ecstasy upon the occasion being so unbounded, that he neither knew what he did nor what he said. Whilst Roderick had been speaking, indeed, he had been in perfect agony; stretching himself out on tiptoe, opening his hands and closing them again with every sentence, as though bursting with impatience to speak, that he might by his eloquence confirm the monarch's eulogium, yet trembling every instant lest he should interrupt it.

M. de Mallet had been a dabbler in scientific experiments in his youth, and, pleased to

find a person who could talk to him, and understand his ideas upon the subject, he soon drew the doctor on one side, leaving his younger friends to be entertained by his daughter.

“ I am glad, very glad, to see you so soon recovered,” said Pauline, addressing Edric in a gentle tone; “ I feared, that is, my father feared, your wounds were more serious.”

“ You see, Edric,” cried Roderick archly, “ it is as I said—Mademoiselle de Mallet feels for you exactly the same interest as her father does.”

“ I should be flattered by exciting any interest in so gentle a bosom,” sighed Edric, looking at her tenderly.

Pauline sighed too—involuntarily, but remained silent.

“ Do you then feel no interest in my behalf?” continued Edric; “ not even the cold, chilling feeling sanctioned by your father?”

“ Oh! call not the interest my father feels for you cold or chilling!” exclaimed Pauline with energy, “ I am sure—that is, I think—”

and here, fearing she had said too much, she stopped abruptly, totally unable to proceed.

“ Oh, go on !” exclaimed Edric, gazing earnestly upon her blushing face—“ go on, I could listen to you for ever !”

Pauline trembled, blushed, and hesitated. “ I—I—I think I had better go to my father,” stammered she after a short pause.

Roderick smiled : “ By all means !” said he. “ Don’t you think so, Edric ?”

Edric did not reply ; for in fact he did not hear the question ; whilst poor Pauline’s agitation increased, and her colour changed rapidly every moment : she dreaded Roderick’s raillery, and trembled so violently that she could scarcely stand.

At this moment her father returned ; he looked at his daughter with some surprise, and then, turning to his guests, he apologized for her abstraction. “ My daughter is unused to camps,” said he, “ and the scenes she has lately gone through have been too much for her nerves.”

“ She will now have an opportunity of reco-

vering herself," replied Roderick; "my army will move forward to-morrow, and if you will accept the post, I will leave you governor of this city, with a sufficient garrison to keep it on my behalf."

Pauline turned deathly pale as he spoke, and every hope of happiness seemed to fly from her breast for ever.

M. de Mallet, however, was not at all aware of his daughter's anguish; and, thanking the king gratefully for the high honour conferred upon him, his fancy began to revel by anticipation in the delights of governorship; and in ten minutes he had arranged in his mind as many improvements and alterations as it would take fifty years to accomplish.

"Farewell," continued Roderick, "I trust we shall meet again, if not here, at least in another and a better world. Permit me, lady!" continued he, slightly touching with his lips the pallid cheek of Pauline. "To-morrow with the dawn we advance, and we have so much to do ere then, that we must deny ourselves the pleasure of again enjoying your society. Fare-



well, Governor, you will find the necessary papers to install you here," (giving him a packet) "and the soldiers have orders to obey you as myself. Come, Edric."

Edric advanced, and bowing, took the hand of Pauline and pressed it respectfully to his lips;—his heart was too full to speak. Pauline could scarcely restrain her tears, and shaking hands with the doctor, she hastily retired to a part of the tent enclosed for her use.

"My daughter is not well," said M. de Mallet, "these scenes of blood and war are too much for her nerves; but she will soon recover when you have left us."

"I doubt that," murmured Roderick in a half whisper; and soon after the friends retired. Edric was not insensible to Pauline's emotion; and as he more than suspected the cause, a pleasure, unknown before, throbbed in his bosom. His eyes sparkled, and his whole appearance presented so complete a contrast to his usual depression, that Roderick could not resist the temptation of again rallying him most unmercifully upon it. "Talk of

medicine," cried he, "there is no elixir like the magic of a pair of bright eyes. All the physicians in my camp can effect nothing like it. Nay, you need not blush so, Edric! I did not imagine you were so far gone as that."

"I do not blush, that I am aware of," returned Edric, somewhat peevishly; for he did not relish being teased; "at least, I am sure I have no occasion for blushing."

"Well, then, don't look so like a bashful maiden, disavowing her first attachment, with a 'La, Pa! how can you think so!'—I did not suppose you were capable of such affectation."

"I am not aware that I have been guilty of any."

"Come, then, own the truth candidly—you love Mademoiselle de Mallet?"

"How can you think so?" replied Edric, blushing deeply in spite of his efforts to look composed.

"You are indifferent to her, then? Dear me, I had no idea of it, I never was more completely deceived in my life! Well, if that's the case, I will resume my first design of trying my own fortune."



“How can you be so provoking?”

“Why it is very hard, if you are not in love with her yourself, that you should wish to prevent every one else from being so.”

“Your Majesty’s rank, I should think, would prevent your even thinking of Mademoiselle de Mallet.”

“Why should my rank prevent the possibility of my being happy?”

“Your Majesty’s rank prevents the possibility of your marrying Pauline; and I should hope you would not dare to entertain dishonourable views respecting her.”

“Dare! dishonour! Do you remember whom you are speaking to, Edric?”

“Perfectly; for I have not forgotten Roderick, though he appears to have forgotten himself.”

“Edric! But I won’t be angry with you. When people are in love, they never mean what they say; in fact, they very seldom know what they are talking about. I remember once when I was in love myself—”

Alexis, who had waited at the entrance of the tent during the visit his master had paid to M. de Mallet, and was now following them, sighed heavily at this remark. Roderick heard him;—"What is the matter with the boy?" said he: "Were you ever in love, Alexis?"

The page sighed yet more deeply than before, and, crossing his arms upon his breast, bent his head in token of assent.

"It is to be much lamented you cannot tell us all about it," continued Roderick; "for you could never choose a more fitting moment for such a tale; as you may depend upon the sympathy of Mr. Montagu, even if I should be so barbarous as to refuse you mine:—

‘We pity faults to which we feel inclined,  
And to our proper failings can be kind;’

as one of your own poets says. Eh, Edric! Don't you think he's right?"

"I think you are very provoking."

"That is because I am touching upon a string that happens to be not quite in tune; so

no wonder it jars a little. Do you not remember the old proverb—

‘ Touch a man whose skin is sound,  
He will stand, and fear no wound :  
Touch a man when he is sore,  
He will start, and bear no more.’ ”

“ How can you condescend to repeat such nonsense ?” cried Edric, indignantly. “ It is unworthy the poorest beggar in your dominions !”

“ And how can you condescend to be moved at such nonsense, Edric ?” replied Roderick, laughing. “ Come, come ! own the truth, for it is useless to attempt any longer to deny it. Say, candidly, that you are in love with Mademoiselle de Mallet, and I will teaze you no longer.”

“ In love is too strong a term. I admire, esteem, and respect Mademoiselle de Mallet. I even think her possessed of a thousand charms and a thousand virtues ; but as to being in love——”

“ Well, well ! we will not quarrel about

words. I do not think you will ever make a romantic lover. You Englishmen are too reasoning and prudent ever to fall violently in love. Your blood is as cold as your climate. Now we take the thing quite differently; with us love is a devouring flame! a fire that absorbs our whole being—a stream that sweeps every thing before it—a madness—a delirium! In short, I don't know what it is!”

“I think not,” said Edric, drily.

“Psha, psha!” continued Roderick; “if it could be described, it would not be worth feeling. It is all spirit! all soul! if you tie it down to rules, it evaporates. Don't you think so in Greece, Alexis?”

The page bowed, and shaking his head, pressed his finger upon his lips.

“True,” returned his master; “I had forgotten: but if you cannot speak, you can write. Take these tablets, I should like to know your opinion.”

The page took the tablets, and wrote with astonishing rapidity—“Since your Majesty

condescends to ask my opinion, I think that the love which can stay to reason, or hesitates to sacrifice every thing to the beloved object, does not deserve the name."

"Bravo, my little hero!" cried Roderick, tapping him upon the shoulder; "spoken like a true Greek. An Irishman, however, would have said nearly the same."

The boy's slender figure trembled in every nerve at his master's touch, and his cheeks were flushed with unwonted passion, though his eyes remained fixed upon the ground, from which indeed he rarely raised them. Roderick gazed upon him a few minutes in silence, as though he wished to read his inmost soul. Then turning abruptly to Dr. Entwerfen, who had taken no part in the last conversation, he demanded gaily what he was thinking of.

"I was thinking, your Majesty," said the doctor, gravely, "that it is a long way from hence to Madrid, and that it will be very fatiguing for your men to march so far."

"Upon my word, doctor," said Roderick, laughing, "you have really made a most sub-



lime discovery, and I perfectly agree with you in the justice of your conclusions."

"That being granted," continued the doctor, "if any means could be devised by which your army could be transported to the gates of the city without the trouble of walking there, it would be a good thing."

"Certainly," said the King; "the fact does not admit of a dispute."

"The only difficulty is to contrive how it is to be done," resumed the doctor, musing.

"Ay, there's the rub," cried Roderick, laughing immoderately; "however, if any one can do it, I'm sure you can, my dear doctor. So rally your energies and consider the best means of commencing operations: I am sure, if you exert yourself, you cannot fail of success."

"Your Majesty does me honour, and I will endeavour to prove I am not undeserving of the confidence you repose in me," said the little doctor, drawing up himself to his full height, and puffing out his cheeks as he walked on absorbed in meditation. "I have it," cried he, suddenly stopping short; "what



does your Majesty think of an immense raft?"

"Excellent, my dear doctor! I see but three objections to making one large enough to convey the whole army:—First, that we have no timber to make it of;—secondly, we have no horses to draw it;—and thirdly, the roads are not wide enough to admit it."

"Balloons would do, but we have them not," resumed the doctor, still profoundly cogitating, with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and his hands in his breeches-pockets.

"What think you of packing the soldiers up in bombs, and shooting them out of mortars?" asked Roderick.

"Your Majesty is pleased to jest," observed the doctor, gravely; "but ridicule is not argument."

"Certainly not," replied the King; "and you mistake me greatly if you thought I meant to ridicule your plan. I only wished to remark that I feared it would be rather difficult to put it in execution."

"That which can be accomplished without

difficulty," said the doctor, solemnly, "is scarcely worth the trouble of undertaking, and quite below the consideration of a man of genius. Difficulties to a man of science are but incentives to action."

"Most sensibly observed, my dear doctor," cried Roderick; "however, as we have now reached our tent, I must leave you to contrive some plan to bring us back from Madrid, as I am afraid we cannot wait now to put your designs in practice to enable us to get there: we must march with the dawn. Of course you will accompany us."

"Certainly!" returned the doctor, still musing; then muttering to himself—"I don't much like the plan of shooting off the soldiers, it would take such large mortars and so much gunpowder:—however, there is no knowing what might be done: I will think of it:"—he retired to his tent, though no sleep visited his eyes that night, so completely had the idea of packing up the soldiers in bombs taken possession of his imagination.

Roderick's arrangements were soon made,

for Nature had certainly intended him for a general. His intelligent mind foresaw every thing, and provided against every contingency. Brave in the field, and prudent in council, the only fault of Roderick as a soldier was that he sometimes suffered himself to be carried away by his ardour when it would have been wiser to delay. But this very impetuosity had its charms in the eyes of his soldiers, as he never hesitated to expose himself to the same dangers or to undergo the same privations as themselves, and they would all have followed him willingly into the very jaws of destruction.

After arranging every thing for the morning's march, the Irish hero snatched a few hours of repose. With the dawn, however, the drums beat the reveillée, and the Irish army left Andalusia to advance by rapid marches upon Madrid.

## CHAPTER II.

WHILST these scenes were taking place in Spain, Elvira was beginning to discover, in England, that it was not quite so delightful to be a Queen as she had previously imagined. The contending parties in the state had been roused into action by the late struggle, and party spirit is of all others the most difficult to conquer. Besides this, the choice of Elvira having been rather a matter of feeling than of judgment, men felt dissatisfied at having suffered themselves to be hurried away by their passions, and, as is usual in such cases, they were disposed to vent the ill-humour they felt at their own conduct upon every thing which chanced to fall in their way. Thus, even the

best measures of Elvira's government were warmly criticised; and as she unfortunately altered some of her laws in consequence of these objections, the critics were encouraged to proceed; and fancying her plans to be the result of weakness, when they were in fact only produced by her natural candour and love of justice, the people became more outrageous and troublesome with every concession that was made to them.

Elvira's intentions were excellent, but by unfortunately wishing to please every one, she destroyed their effect. This made her councils vacillating, and her measures uncertain: nothing indeed but the strength of mind and commanding genius of Edmund, joined to his complete devotion to her cause, could have prevented the ruin of her government almost in the moment of its formation. From a mistaken motive of generosity, she had retained in her council those lords who had most vehemently opposed her, though, in compliance with the wishes of Edmund, they were shorn of their beams. This was a fatal error; half



measures are always dangerous: the lords in question should have been discarded altogether, or retained in their former seats; as it was, Elvira had made them enemies, and yet left them the power to sting her.

The emissaries of Rosaballa were also very active, and the ferment of the public mind excessive. The taste the people had just enjoyed of power, had only been enough to make them long for more. They had only just begun to relish its sweets, when the dish was snatched away from them, with which, if it had been left them to devour, they would have soon been cloyed. Discontents became general, disturbances arose, which were no sooner quelled in one quarter than they broke out in another, and these petty insurrections, though almost too trivial to mention, were excessively annoying. For trifling inconveniences, like a host of flies buzzing round a nervous man on a sultry day, are often more irritating to the temper, than serious grievances; and the noble mind of Edmund was wearied by subduing such paltry enemies.



“ They want employment,” said he one day to the Queen, after reading a dispatch containing an account of one of the most vexatious of these tumults; “ you must build bridges and cut canals to amuse them.”

The active mind of Elvira caught eagerly at the idea, and she vainly fancied her name would be handed down to posterity as one of the greatest of Queens, who, though in the bloom of youth and pride of beauty, did not hesitate to sacrifice herself for the good of her people, and to devote that time to their welfare and the improvement of her kingdom, which others of her age and rank wasted in mere amusements.

Delighted with the thought, Elvira did not delay a moment before she prepared to put it in practice; and she was found for several days together constantly surrounded by her counsellors, and seated at a table absolutely loaded with papers, which she was busily employed in inspecting and arranging.

Plans for the erection of public buildings, for hospitals, bridges, museums, and churches, schemes for new manufactories, hints for new

establishments conducive to the public good, and sketches of new discoveries, lay in heaps before her; mixed with addresses of compliments, votes of thanks, complaints of grievances, petitions, secret informations; and in short all that multifarious collection of paper, with which a monarch is sure to be surrounded who is said to be anxious to ameliorate the condition of his people, or who is unhappily reported to possess a genius for improvement.

Unfortunate is the man possessed of power, of whom such reports are current. He is directly surrounded by projectors, each presenting a scheme more futile than that of his predecessor; and discontented dependants, each bringing a long list of grievances, half of which are imaginary, but which have been conjured up by the complainants that they may not lose the precious right they enjoy of complaining.

Unhappy he whose fate obliges him to decide between the rival claimants! certain alike to be blamed, if he give or refuse; if he accept, or if he reject!

Elvira had not yet found the evils of power; but she now tasted of its sweets, and was enchanted. It seemed to her the most delightful thing in the world to hold in her hands the destinies of thousands of her fellow-creatures; and she thought not of the heavy responsibility it entailed, nor how often her path would be followed by curses instead of blessings. Some one has said that every time a sovereign confers a favour, he makes one ungrateful subject and nine discontented ones; but Elvira and Edmund as yet had not discovered the truth of this maxim. Since their present plan had been suggested, every thing with them had been the *couleur de rose*. I say, then, for Edmund was associated with Elvira in all these gigantic schemes of improvement; and as he had conceived the first idea of them, so it was he only who could carry them into execution. His active mind required something to employ it; and the same strong feelings which had formerly been devoted to love and glory, were now turned into another channel.

The energies of Elvira's mind had also been

awakened by the struggle for the crown, and the passion awakened in her breast by the youthful stranger; and she now felt that she could not quietly return again to the commonplace stillness of every-day life. The passions when once roused from their dormant state, must have something to occupy them, or they will prey upon themselves. Thus we generally see great warriors, or statesmen, or in fact any class of men who have passed their lives in activity, wither away when forced to the dullness of an obscure retirement: their minds and bodies decay alike from want of stimulants to call them into action.

The improvement of her people supplied this stimulus to the mind of Elvira,—but alas! she entered upon it rather with passion than judgment, and had not patience to wait to see her plans gradually carried into effect:—No—no—she could not endure any thing slow: with her every thing must be done by a *coup de main*; and as the people and the buildings were so stupid as not to be made perfect by the first attempt, she was continually disappointed

and discouraged. In fact, by attempting to do too much, she did nothing.

When Elvira ascended the throne, she determined no public act should take place without the approbation of her council; and these noble lords were one day debating upon the propriety of a new road, that was proposed to intersect the entire kingdom at right angles, when Lord Gustavus de Montfort rose to oppose it, upon the ground of the injury it would do to private property if carried into effect.

Elvira could not endure Lord Gustavus: his cold, prudent, calculating manner, without a single spark of imagination, disgusted her beyond description; and the only good quality he possessed, that of being indefatigable in following up his point, completed her abhorrence. Wit and eloquence were quite thrown away upon him, for he understood neither the one nor the other; and when any new or brilliant scheme crossed Elvira's imagination, and she described it to her council with all the fire of genius and animation, there he sate with his



calm, cold unvarying countenance, ready to damp it with a doubt. Lord Maysworth also was her aversion; his narrow mind, which could only take in such trifles as escape the observation of men of genius; his mean and paltry spirit, and his grovelling ambition, were all her detestation; whilst Lord Noodle and Lord Doodle, who, though ciphers in themselves, yet, like their prototypes, prodigiously increased the weight of the figures placed before them, completed the group.

Much, however, as Elvira disliked these members of her council, she felt unequal to resist their combined influence; and she was just upon the point of being teased into their opinions contrary to her own judgment, when Lord Edmund entered the room. Indescribable was the effect produced by his presence; for indeed his commanding talents swayed all before them; and Elvira could not help smiling when she saw her counsellors of state shake their wise heads, and imagine they were assisting the debate with their wisdom, whilst, in fact, they were mere tools in his powerful hands. It is



true they were the agents that produced the intended effect ; but his was the master spirit that set them in motion, and taught them where to go. His powerful intellect caught in an instant the comparative merits and disadvantages of the plan now in discussion, and his nod decided its fate.

The council, however, though they implicitly obeyed his will, had not the least idea that they were doing so ; as he had the address so to form his opinions as to let each person imagine them the suggestions of his own breast.

Whilst the principal personages in the cabinet, fancying they were leading, were thus blindly led, the nonentities of course followed in their train, and our old friends the lords of ancient family were perfectly astonished when they heard the magnificent plans and sagacious councils attributed to them, and sate quite lost in admiration of their own wisdom, whilst their little heads and enormous perriwigs kept bobbing with at least threefold their accustomed rapidity.

Elvira's accession to the throne had induced both her father and Sir Ambrose to leave the country; the duke inhabiting his former palace, and Sir Ambrose taking possession of a moveable house in one of the streets upon the banks of the Thames. Here the worthy Baronet found himself perfectly happy in the society of his niece Clara, (whom her parents permitted to keep his house,) and that of his old friend the duke.

“ I begin to repent that my daughter is a Queen,” said the duke to Sir Ambrose, one night after supper, when the whole party were sitting cosily round the fire in Sir Ambrose's library. “ I have not half the enjoyments I used to have when I could have more of her society. Now when I see her, it is but for an instant, and she can scarcely stay to ask me how I do, before she flies off to some of her new plans of improvement.”

“ The face of the country will be quite changed in a few years, if all the plans of the Queen prosper,” said Father Morris in his usual smooth hypocritical manner.

“I hope not!” cried Sir Ambrose; “I hope it’s no treason, duke—but I must confess I wish your daughter had never been Queen, if she can’t leave things as they are.”

“They are such wildgoose schemes too that she takes into her head,” said the duke piteously. “Only imagine, Sir Ambrose, she showed me this morning a plan for making aërial bridges to convey heavy weights from one steeple to another; a machine for stamping shoes and boots at one blow out of a solid piece of leather; a steam-engine for milking cows; and an elastic summer-house that might be folded up so as to be put into a man’s pocket!”

“It is really provoking; and Edward is quite as scheming and visionary. I absolutely think, if we were both to die, they would not feel more than a temporary uneasiness at our loss, their minds are so completely occupied in these gigantic projects.”

Whilst these two old men were sitting comfortably over the fire, commenting on the

glorious days when they were young, and when all went right, or, what was nearly the same thing, when all appeared to them to do so (quite forgetting that age has other eyes than youth, and that the change was in themselves, not the times), Clara was at a splendid party given by Elvira, and Father Morris soon left the duke's library to join her.

It was a ball; and the splendid court of Claudia seemed yet more brilliant under the reign of her successor. It was the first time Clara had ever been at court, and the effect the gorgeous magnificence of the scene had upon her was powerful in the extreme. She forgot her cares, her sadness, and her love—all seemed enchantment; and the old lady, who acted as her chaperone, was quite horrorized at her *gaucherie*.

Brilliant as all was, however, the lovely goddess of the temple far exceeded even the splendour of the shrine; and the beholders gazed upon her with indescribable rapture. Beautiful as the fairy image of a dream; kind,

affable, and condescending to all, Elvira glided through the crowd, followed by her suite to the concert-room. Here, all that the imagination of man could devise of harmony, enchanted the ears. But harsh was every other sound to that which stole upon the senses when Elvira was induced to forget her rank and mingle her voice with the music.

Elvira's singing was perfection: "clear as a trumpet with a silver sound;" the round full notes now swelled upon the ear in liquid melody, and then died away, soft and sweet, yet distinct even in their faintest strains. Prince Ferdinand was at her side, and his ardent gaze bespoke the intenseness of his admiration. Elvira had not before seen him since the night when her conversation with him had so powerfully excited the jealousy of Edmund; and as she now observed his manner had again attracted Edmund's attention, she blushed yet more deeply than before.

Edmund saw her blushes; and, stung al-



most to madness by the sight, rushed violently out of the room.

The night was cold and damp, a drizzling mist fell fast, and that peculiar chill that marks the first approaches of winter, hung in the air ; but Lord Edmund thought not of the weather, and he strode bareheaded through the palace-gardens with hurried steps and the actions of a maniac ; whilst the thick gloom that pervaded the sky, contrasted fearfully with the brilliantly illuminated apartment he had just quitted. The gloominess of the scene, however, harmonized well with Edmund's feelings ; he felt soothed insensibly ; and though he still stalked moodily backwards and forwards, he became gradually more calm.

“ Ungrateful woman,” thought he, “ to treat me thus ! Does she not owe every thing to me ? I could bear her coldness ; I could resign her to a throne ; but the idea of her loving another drives me to distraction !—Curses on that fiend ! It must be by his infernal arts that Ferdinand has triumphed. The cold, the chaste Elvira



could never give her love thus—thus almost unsolicited, and at first sight if it were not the work of magic. By Heaven, I would risk my soul for vengeance on that demon !”

As he spoke, his eyes fell upon a thicket near him, and he fancied he saw the figure of a man, half obscured however by the mist, emerge from its gloomy recesses. He gazed intently, and the figure glided slowly on with cat-like, creeping steps. The mind of Edmund was worked up to frenzy—he almost fancied a demon had appeared obedient to his wish, to receive his pledge, and work his bidding. “Speak !” cried he, in a voice that sounded fearfully amidst the surrounding stillness—“Speak ! art thou a demon, or a mortal ?”

All was silent: the figure glided on; and Lord Edmund, oppressed by supernatural terrors, and shuddering at the sound of his own voice, could bear no more; he darted upon the figure, and grasping it roughly, he exclaimed, “Man or devil, I fear thee not, and thus will I grapple with thee.”

“Gently, my son,” replied the well-known

voice of Father Morris; "in what have I offended you?"

"Pardon, holy father," returned Edmund "I knew you not—I knew not what I did—my passion blinded me."

"And what has caused this passion? The mind of Edmund is too noble to be lightly moved."

"Oh! talk not of the nobleness of my mind, father; I feel I am but a poor weak worm. Nobleness belongs to God alone; 'tis blasphemy to apply the term to man."

"Tell me your grievances. They must, I am sure, be great, or they would not thus affect you. It is my holy office to console affliction. Speak then, my son; for, remember, that though joy is doubled by being partaken, grief is lessened by being shared—and woe robbed of half its bitterness."

"I have little to confess, father. I was weak and foolish; but Elvira—"

"And are you astonished at a woman's fickleness? Light as the eider down, and unstable as the changing wind, inconstancy is natural to

the sex—they crave incessantly for novelty ;— and as vanity is their only real passion, if that be gratified they ask no more.”

“ And has not Elvira’s vanity been gratified even to satiety? Have I not idolized, worshipped her? Was it not my power that made her what she is? And is this my reward? To be scorned, deserted, laughed at, and for what? A stranger !—a boy !—my prisoner !”

“ Whom do you mean ?” asked the friar.

“ Prince Ferdinand,” returned Edmund.

“ Impossible !” cried Father Morris, starting with well-feigned astonishment. “ Elvira cannot, surely, love Prince Ferdinand! And yet, now I recollect, I saw her talking to him, even now, with an appearance of deep interest, when I passed through her splendid chambers.”

“ Damnation !” exclaimed Lord Edmund vehemently, driven to distraction by this speech ; for, strange to tell, though we may be certain of the reality of our own sufferings, they always seem to come with double poignancy when we hear them related by another.

“Calm yourself, my son,” said Father Morris in his silky tones, eyeing him with about as much compassion as an angler feels for the writhing of a worm upon his hook. “These bursts of passion are unworthy of you.”

“Oh, father!” cried Edmund, softened almost into tears, “you know not how I loved that woman. Your grave, serious feelings, disciplined by the restraint of a cloister, mortified by your renunciation of all earthly pleasures, can form no idea of the depth and fierceness of mine. Your passions, father, are dead within you; subdued by holy penitence to calmness; but mine rage with the fury of a volcano, and destroy me! O that my fond attachment, my long devoted services, my adoration, should be thus rewarded. Yes—my adoration, for I have adored her, father! I worshipped her like a goddess; and though I doted on her charms, and would have endured unheard-of torments to have been blest with their possession, yet, did I not sacrifice my hopes?—did I not relinquish the treasure when just within my grasp, because her happiness was dearer to me than my own? And

now to see her lavish her favours on that boy ! She smiled upon him, father, and he dared to take her hand and press it to his lips. I saw him kiss it, not with the calm respect of a kneeling subject, but with the fervour, the impassioned ardour of a lover ; and then he looked at her—curses on the thought!—and she did not reprove ; but, casting down her eyes, softly blushed consent. Damnation ! I cannot endure it.”

“ Passion, my son, entails its own punishment. You see every thing with a jaundiced eye. Elvira’s nature is gentle and yielding ; she feared to hurt his feelings by her harshness. ’Tis but the natural consequence of that very softness you so often have admired. Why should you quarrel with it now ? ’tis still the same that charmed you, save that now it is extended to another, and will be soon, no doubt, to all the world. Elvira has been educated in retirement, and, seeing only yourself and Edric, you thought her conduct was the effect of partiality for you, when it was in fact but her natural manner. She is now upon a larger theatre ;



and you must expect to see myriads of kneeling victims worship her beauty, and pay homage at her feet ! And do you suppose she will be displeased at their attention ? No ; she is far too gentle ; she has no firmness ; and the same submission she now pays to you, she will, if you offend her, easily transfer to another. She is not formed to govern ; she would obey and be happy ; but the weight of government would overwhelm her if she were left alone to sustain it. Shake off, then, these selfish feelings, and be again yourself. You have often said, you only wished her happiness ; and if that be the case, even if she should really love Prince Ferdinand, you ought to rejoice to see her in his arms.”

“ Sooner would I perish, sooner would I involve all in one universal ruin ! But it is impossible ; she scarcely knows him.”

“ And if it were so, still you would be wrong to blame Elvira for what, in fact, she cannot help. Her yielding softness is the defect of her character.”

“ Fool that I was, that very softness caught me, and my fond heart fell captive to its chains.



But it was folly, infatuation ! I see my error ; Rosabella has more character. She *can* love."

Lord Edmund crossed his arms upon his breast and was soon lost in a *reverie*, which Father Morris was careful not to interrupt, but which was broken by the approach of Trevors, his lordship's aide-de-camp and secretary."

"What do you want ?" asked Lord Edmund sternly.

"I came to seek your Lordship. I feared you were unwell, as I missed your Lordship from the party."

"You missed me !" repeated Lord Edmund bitterly. "*You* missed me ! and did no one else discover my absence ? Was it so marked that my servant could observe it, and yet no one else ?"

"Did not the Queen inquire for Lord Edmund ?" asked Father Morris.

"I did not hear her Majesty," replied Trevors.

"How was she engaged ? what was she doing ?" demanded Lord Edmund.

"She was sitting, talking to Prince Ferdinand, my Lord."

Lord Edmund gnashed his teeth together, grinding them with fury, and rushed back to the house without speaking, whilst Trevors followed at an humble distance.

“He has it,” cried Father Morris triumphantly—“he has it, and he is mine for ever.”

Several days elapsed from this period before Elvira again saw Lord Edmund. She was surprised at his absence; as indeed he was so interwoven in her schemes and plans, that nothing went on well without him.

“Will your Majesty have the goodness to affix the royal seal to this ordinance?” asked Lord Gustavus one morning.

“I don’t know,” replied Elvira. “I can’t tell what to do. I wish Lord Edmund were here.”

“He may soon be sent for,” said Lord Gustavus pompously. “Though, with all due deference to your Majesty’s better judgment, it does not appear to me that his presence is exactly requisite.”

Lord Edmund, however, was summoned, and he came. But oh! how changed since

Elvira had seen him last ! His face looked pale and thin, his cheeks were sunken, and his eyes hollow and heavy, whilst his deep voice sounded hoarse and unnatural. Passion had passed through his soul, and withered as it went. Elvira's heart smote her as she gazed upon him.

“ You have been ill, Edmund !” said she, in tones of melting softness. “ Why was I not informed ? Surely you could not think I would willingly neglect you ? Could you judge so harshly of me ?”

The firm breast of Edmund softened as she spoke, and tears swam in his eyes as he struggled to reply with calmness—yes, tears ; the brave, the warlike Edmund, whose strength of mind and firmness had resisted unequalled dangers, now trembled before a woman.

“ You must have some advice,” continued Elvira. “ Dr. Coleman, Dr. Hardman, can you not prescribe for your patient ?”

“ His Lordship appears feverish,” said Dr. Coleman. “ No doubt he has rested ill.”

“ Yes—yes,” rejoined Dr. Hardman, with a

malignant smile. "His Lordship's eyes betray his want of rest."

"I have been slightly indisposed," said Lord Edmund, rallying his spirits to speak: "but I am better. Is there any thing in which my services can be useful to your Majesty?"

"Her Majesty wishes you to inspect this bill," replied Lord Gustavus solemnly, "before she gives it her royal assent."

Lord Edmund's eyes sparkled. "Then she still thinks my opinion of importance," thought he.

"Lord Edmund's illness, I hope, is passed," said Dr. Hardman maliciously; "for he certainly looks better even since he came into the room."

Lord Edmund was better; a sudden revulsion of feeling had taken place within him, and hope was again illumined in his bosom. Passion again rushed through his soul. "She must, she shall, be mine," thought he, whilst fire flashed from his eyes. "The hated law shall be repealed. Difficulties only increase the

value of the prize, and they vanish before a determined spirit. What! shall I, before whose arm whole nations have fallen vanquished, shrink like a coward from the first trouble that assails me! Oh, no! I will not be so weak; opposition shall only animate my courage. Treasures would be scarcely worth acceptance if they lay beneath one's feet—a brave man spurns an easy victory! I will exert my powers, and Elvira shall be mine.”

Father Morris was at the levee, and he watched with anxious eyes the fluctuations in Edmund's expressive countenance. “Perdition seize her beauty!” muttered he; “with one look she undoes whole months of labour. But he shall yet be mine—Cheops has sworn he shall,—and Rosabella shall be Queen. Be the Mummy mortal or fiend, he is resistless; he has unbounded power over the human heart, and what he wills must be accomplished.”

Some weeks elapsed, during which Lord Edmund, restored to his former influence in the government, laboured assiduously to prepare



the minds of the people for abolishing the law that prevented the marriage of the Queen. With the greatest care he endeavoured to make Elvira popular. For this purpose he persuaded her to remit those burthens that weighed most heavily upon the people, replacing them by taxes levied in a more indirect way; for the mass of a population seldom grumbles at taxation, unless it see the trifles for which it pays: men do not regard the giving double the real value of a commodity, a tenth part so much, as paying even a small direct sum for the use of any of the common necessities of life.

By judiciously acting upon this principle, Edmund made himself adored; and whispers even were buzzed about, lamenting that he was not King. This was the point to which Edmund had wished to bring the people; and he pursued his plan by supporting the poor against the rich, and rigorously punishing the magistrates or officers of justice who attempted to oppress the people. The multitude generally hate those entrusted with the execution of



the laws, perhaps upon the same principle as the bleeding culprit abhors the sight of the whip that has flogged him ; and their natural conceit and presumption were flattered by the attention paid to their complaints ; till, by his judicious management, Lord Edmund found that he had obtained the entire devotion of the mob, and could wield them at his pleasure.

Time rolled on, and winter had already wrapped its frozen mantle round the world, when one day Father Morris abruptly entered the apartment of Rosabella. “ It is all over,” cried he, as he threw himself in despair upon a couch. “ Edmund has obtained the consent of the people for the Queen to marry, and no doubt in a few weeks he will be the husband of Elvira !”

“ The husband of Elvira !” cried Rosabella, her eyes flashing fire, and her cheeks glowing, whilst every fibre quivered with agitation, and her fine features bespoke the tremendous passions of a demon. “ Then may everlasting misery attend the fiend that has deceived us ; that has led us on step by step to our destruc-

tion, and is perhaps even now mocking our despair! Yes, yes," continued she, as the fiendish laugh of Cheops rang in her ears, and his detested form stood again before her,—  
" I expected this; you come to enjoy your triumph and mock our credulity; but know, this arm is yet powerful enough to revenge my wrongs; it shall annihilate my rival; and thou, wretch! detested hideous wretch! thou too shalt feel its vengeance!"

" This to your friend!" said Cheops with a bitter smile: " fie! fie! How blind is human reason when the passions intervene!—all is for the best—have patience; wait a little, and my promises will yet be accomplished."

" If Elvira had died," murmured Father Morris, a dark frown gathering upon his brow.

" You would not be now alive," said the Mummy. " But fear not, all is as you can wish."

" As we can wish?" cried Rosabella indignantly.

" Yes, as you can wish," returned Cheops

firmly. “ Edmund has obtained permission for Elvira to marry any natural born subject of the realm ; but she will not wed him, for she loves another, and that other is a foreigner. He will be enraged at her refusal, and jealousy will alienate him from her cause. He will then naturally espouse that of her rival from ambition and revenge. Rosabella will be Queen, and the law which prevented the marriage of the Sovereign being abolished, Edmund will become her husband—if not from love, at least from ambition.”

“ O Cheops ! ’tis useless to resist—we are thy slaves,—do with us as thou wilt.”

“ Say rather you are slaves of your own passions,” murmured the Mummy ; and they parted.

It was a clear frosty day in November, when Elvira, scarcely knowing why, wandered into the garden belonging to her splendid palace of Somerset House ; and, entering a pavilion, reclined upon a couch placed opposite to a window that commanded a view of the river. The pavilion was decorated with the utmost taste.

Its windows, opening to the ground, were shaded with curtains of gossamer net, lined with pink ; the walls were beautifully painted, and divided into panels by highly ornamented columns ; books, drawings, and musical instruments, were scattered around ; whilst tripods, supporting vases filled with the rarest exotic flowers, shed sweet fragrance through the air ; and the carpet was so soft and thick, that it felt like moss beneath the feet.

Even in this temple of luxury, however, its fair possessor was not happy. She sighed as she surveyed the gorgeous refinement around her, and felt forcibly the insufficiency of greatness. Listlessly she turned her eyes upon the figures painted upon the walls : they represented the loves of Mars and Venus : they were exquisitely painted : the artist had given to the life the tender modesty of the goddess, and the ardent passion of her lover. Elvira gazed upon his glowing countenance and sparkling eyes ; and then, looking down, sighed yet more heavily than before.

She dismissed her attendants, retaining only Emma ; and long her eyes were fixed on vacancy, and her mind absorbed in mournful contemplations; when suddenly she was startled by the entrance of a page, and the appearance of Lord Edmund Montagu, who followed almost at the moment of the page's repeating his name: his countenance beaming joy, and hope dancing in his eyes.

“ Oh, Elvira !” he cried, “ you are now mine—mine for ever ! The people permit you to marry. The lords in council have signed the law; the people have proclaimed it with acclamations. You are free ! you are no longer debarred from the inestimable pleasures of domestic life—you are independent—you may marry any natural born subject of the realm, and will you now be mine ?”

“ And so relinquish my independence the moment I obtain it,” said Elvira, smiling.

“ Oh, my loved ! my adored Elvira ! consent to make me happy ! Believe me you shall be free, and still as much a Queen as at this moment.”



“Edmund!” said Elvira seriously, “you deserve more than I can give you; for I will not insult you by supposing you would be satisfied with the possession of my crown without my heart;—and that it is not in my power to bestow.”

“My dearest Elvira, you but fancy this. I know your feelings are warm, your sensibility acute, and your generosity unbounded—can you then want a heart?”

“Alas, no! but I have discovered I possess one, only in time to know also that I have given it to another.”

“And is that other a youth and a stranger?” asked her lover, gasping for breath.

“He is,” replied Elvira, blushing, and looking down.

“Then, indeed, I am wretched!” cried Lord Edmund; and, striking his clenched hand vehemently against his forehead, he darted out of the room.

Elvira gazed after him with a feeling almost amounting to horror. Terrified at the strength of the passions she had awakened, she appeared



stupified, and stood looking like a child who had accidentally cut the string which confined the wheels of some powerful machinery, on hearing its fearful clatter above its head.

“ Oh, madam, madam !” cried Emma, wringing her hands, “ what will become of us ? Your Majesty has offended Lord Edmund for ever, and for that wretch, who, I am certain, is a fiend incarnate !”

“ Peace, Emma !” said Elvira, “ you forget my rank—I will not be dictated to.”

“ Pardon me, dear madam, you know I love you, and—”

“ I know, also, that you presume upon my love. Begone !”

Emma obeyed, and Elvira was left alone.

Dreadfully agitated, and quite unable to compose herself or arrange the chaos of her thoughts, she walked to the windows of the pavilion, and, opening one of them, looked out upon the gardens. It is already said that these delightful grounds were thrown open to the public ; but, in consequence of the ease with which they might be enjoyed, a few half-pay

officers, attorneys without clients, physicians without patients, clergymen looking out for livings, hissed players, disappointed authors and discarded servants, alone strolled through their romantic walks, and paused occasionally to gaze upon the beautiful works of art with which they were decorated. The English were now decidedly the first sculptors in the world. Chemical preparations alone being used to supply light and heat, smoke was unknown, and the atmosphere being no longer thick and cloudy, marble bore exposure to it without material injury. Besides this, perhaps no nation in the world produced more beautiful models of male and female beauty than England; and now that the women had long thrown off those deformers of the human shape ycleped stays, their forms developed themselves into perfect symmetry. Elvira, however, thought not of the gardens, nor of the works of art they contained; yet as she stood at the window, though absorbed in her own reflections, her eyes rested upon the exquisite statues before her. The inanimate marble seemed endowed with soul and spirit,

whilst the graceful forms it represented seemed to pause only for a moment, and to be ready to start again into life and action after a short repose—in short, they appeared to breathe ; and the spectator felt almost surprised, when his eye had turned from them, to find them still in the same attitude when he looked again.

The river was frozen, and persons glided along it in glittering *traineaux*, or skated gracefully with infinite variety of movement ; whilst, every now and then, a steam-percussion-moveable bridge shot across the stream, loaded with goods and passengers, collapsing again the instant its burthen was safely landed on the other side.

Pleased with the busy scene around her, Elvira stood and gazed, till half her troubles seemed to vanish, and a pleasing train of thought crept over her mind. “What have I done?” thought she,—“and yet I do not repent.—No, no! I could not act otherwise. The noble and devoted love of Edmund deserved my warmest gratitude, and I have done

right to own the truth to him, painful as it has been to me to do so, rather than torture his generous bosom by exciting hopes I never meant to realize. Yes, I have done right," repeated she aloud; "and I am perfectly satisfied with my conduct."

"Then you have reason to be contented," said the deep voice of Cheops, immediately behind her; "for few indeed are the mortals that can say so with justice!"

The solemn tones of the Mummy sank like a foreboding of evil upon the heart of Elvira, and she shuddered involuntarily.

"You think I have done wrong then?" said she.

"I did not say that," returned he calmly.—  
"But had I not known the sex, I might perchance have felt surprised that you should avow, unasked for, a secret to Lord Edmund, which you have sedulously endeavoured to keep concealed even from me."

"Alas," cried Elvira, "my motives—"

"Were those of a woman," interrupted Cheops; "a being fated to work mischief. I

do not blame you; for you have only acted according to your natural instinct."

"What do you mean?" asked Elvira, turning pale and trembling, for the words of the Mummy created an undefinable dread upon her mind.

"Listen!" said Cheops, "and I will tell you.—If you had confided your secret to me, it would have produced good, for I should have aided your passions, and I cannot give assistance unless it be required;—but by telling it to Lord Edmund you have produced evil, for he mistakes your lover for another, and the consequences may be fatal. Thus, it is clear that you could not have done otherwise than as you have; for when was a woman known to hesitate between good and evil, and not choose the latter?"

"Mistakes my lover for another!" exclaimed Elvira. "For God's sake, explain yourself!"

"He thinks you meant Prince Ferdinand," said the Mummy coldly, "and he is now seeking him in order to destroy him."



“ Oh, God !—Oh, God !” cried Elvira in the bitterest agony : “ what will become of me ? where is Edmund ! Let me fly to implore him to spare the prince !”

“ It does not appear to me,” said Cheops still more calmly, “ that your endeavours to preserve him are at all likely to produce the effect you wish ; for, as Lord Edmund already believes you love the prince, and as that belief is the reason of his hatred, your showing a violent anxiety for his welfare does not appear to me exactly the mode most calculated to destroy his suspicions.”

“ True ! true !” cried Elvira, wringing her hands. “ Alas ! alas ! what will become of me ?” whilst, as she spoke, a piercing cry rang in her ears, and a sudden rush of all the persons in the gardens took place towards one particular spot. Scarcely knowing what she did, Elvira followed the crowd, and shrieked with indescribable terror as she heard the clashing of swords. Pale and trembling, she hurried forward, and arrived just as Prince Ferdinand, uttering a deep groan, fell beneath the sword of

Lord Edmund. Elvira screamed, and throwing herself upon the body, endeavoured in vain to revive it, quite forgetting in the excess of her agitation the crowd that surrounded her, and the interpretation that might be put upon her behaviour. One sole idea occupied her mind, and chilled it with horror: it was, that her imprudence had most probably deprived a fellow-creature of existence.

Lord Edmund in the mean time stood in statue-like insensibility, gazing upon her with feelings of unutterable anguish. Her grief, her violent emotion, seemed to confirm the passion she had avowed; and if she loved, his exertions had only paved the way for the success of his rival. The thought was madness. Lord Edmund gnashed his teeth, his countenance changed, blood gushed in torrents from his side, for he too was wounded, and he leant fainting against a tree.

The confusion that now prevailed was indescribable. It was high treason to draw a sword in the precincts of the royal palace; and the guards, who were instantly assembled, took the

offenders into custody. They were both incapable of offering any resistance, and they were hurried away to prison amidst the exclamations of the mob. Elvira had fainted, and she was carried back to the palace; whilst the whispered speculations of the crowd, upon the strangeness of the scene, arose in half-stifled murmurs like the distant roar of ocean. The attention of the spectators, however, was soon fixed upon the poor old Duke of Cornwall. He had stood bending forwards—his hands clasped, and his eyes riveted upon his daughter during the whole of her ineffectual attempts to revive the prince. The old man seemed turned to stone: he neither moved, nor spoke; his glassy eyes were set, and his livid lips slightly quivered; at last he uttered a faint groan, and fell senseless into the arms of his attendants in a fit of apoplexy. The spectators thought him dead, and fancied his heart had broken, on discovering this unexpected weakness on the part of his adored daughter.

Every one was powerfully affected,<sup>7</sup> and every one seemed bursting to speak; though no

one knew exactly what he might venture to say. Lord Gustavus looked stern, Lord Maysworth important, and Dr. Hardman sly; whilst the Lords Noodle and Doodle shook their little heads, till they seemed in imminent danger of becoming separated from their bodies. Rosabella's heart alone swelled with rapture, and her eyes beamed with ill-concealed triumph.

“The Mummy was right,” thought she;—  
“Elvira must fall, and Edmund will be mine.”

## CHAPTER III.

THE evening of the day on which Prince Ferdinand and Lord Edmund were committed to prison, Sir Ambrose, as he was writing in his study, was startled by a loud scream; and flying to the spot from whence it proceeded, he found Clara lying upon the ground insensible, whilst Abelard was stooping over her, and endeavouring to render her some assistance.

“ Good God !” cried Sir Ambrose, “ what is the matter ?”

“ It is all owing to the carelessness of the domestic assistants at the next door,” replied Abelard. “ No. 7, is just come back from Brighton; and one of the assistants being occu-



pied in making observations on the sky, instead of minding what he was doing, pushed the house a little on one side as it was slipping into the sockets ; and poking their horizontal spout through our library window, they have knocked down this shelf of books, and frightened poor Miss Clara out of her wits."

" Stupid idiots," said the baronet ; " they might have killed her if the books had fallen upon her."

" I beg your pardon, Sir Ambrose," said the culprit, putting his head through the window ; " I do not conceive Miss Montagu would have been injured even if the books had fallen upon her. The weight of her body, I should apprehend, must be nearly equivalent to that of the books ; consequently, the resistance she was capable of opposing, being fully equal to the blow she would have received, the effect must have been neutralized."

" Confound your explanations !" said Sir Ambrose, whose anger was increased tenfold by this speech ; " you've killed my niece, and now you want to drive me distracted. Clara,

my dear Clara ! open your eyes, my love ; are you hurt ?”

“ Oh, my dear uncle !” sighed Clara, “ Edmund is in prison, and he certainly will be beheaded.”

“ In prison, child ! you must be dreaming.”

“ Indeed I am not, uncle : I heard the men who are placing the adjoining house say so. He has fought with Prince Ferdinand in the palace garden.”

“ My boy, my darling boy !” cried Sir Ambrose, and rushed out of the room in despair.

“ Follow him, for Heaven’s sake, follow him, Abelard,” said Clara. The worthy butler obeyed, wringing his hands, and lifting his eyes up to heaven ; whilst Clara remained perfectly motionless, and apparently absorbed in thought.

“ I will save him,” said she after a short pause, “ or perish in the attempt.”

In the bitterest anguish of mind, Sir Ambrose hastened to the palace ; but he was refused admittance, as he was informed the Queen was in a high fever. He inquired for

his friend the duke : he too was invisible, his late attack having placed his life in imminent danger. Dr. Coleman was in attendance on the Queen ; and the lords of the council, though they affected to sympathize with the unfortunate father, evidently, though covertly, rejoiced at the disgrace of their most powerful rival. Repulsed on every side, Sir Ambrose now proceeded to the prison ; but here also he was refused admittance, and sadly and slowly he returned home in despair, resting his sole remaining hopes upon the advice and assistance of Father Morris, upon whose gigantic strength of mind he was accustomed implicitly to rely in all the impotency of age and misery.

The prison to which Ferdinand and Lord Edmund had been conveyed was situated in a close disagreeable part of the city of London, called Kensington. It had been formerly a palace, and had been surrounded by a noble park miscalled a garden. The devastating hand of improvement had however, as usual, waged war against all the sublimer charms of

nature, and the majestic beauties of Kensington fell victims to its fury. Narrow, unwholesome streets now rose where spreading oaks had once stretched forth their venerable arms, and verdant lawns had become dirty causeways; whilst ponds were turned to water pipes, and Jacob's well kept clean a common sewer. As Ferdinand and Edmund, however, had never seen Kensington in its pristine glories, they could not now regret the change: and it was to them neither more nor less than a place of confinement, a spot very few people show any manifest relish for.

Immediately upon their arrival, Prince Ferdinand and Lord Edmund had their wounds dressed by the automaton steam surgeon belonging to the prison, which, being properly arranged and wound up, staunched the blood, spread the plaisters, and affixed the bandages with as much skill as though it had done nothing but walk a hospital all its life. As soon as these operations were performed, the prisoners were locked up in separate cells, and left to meditate upon their situations.

“ Good Heavens !” cried Ferdinand, looking round with astonishment at the elegant apartment he was shown into, adorned with a painted velvet carpet, silk curtains, and chairs and tables inlaid with brass and ivory ; whilst a sumptuous canopy hung over a bed of down on one side, and divers little Cupids supported lights, held back curtains, and performed numerous other useful offices in different corners. “ Can this be a prison ? Neither Paris nor Vienna possess palaces half so splendid !”

The surprise of Ferdinand was natural, as he was still almost a stranger in England, and did not know that our happy island had been long blest with a race of people who thought prisons should be made agreeable residences, and had gone on improving them till they had ended in making them temples of luxury. In spite of all the conveniences of his prison, however, Ferdinand was perfectly wretched. He could not imagine what reason Lord Edmund had had for fastening a quarrel upon him ; for, as his passion for Elvira, though violent, had been quite as evanescent as that he had formerly




entertained for Rosabella, he had not the least idea of having excited Lord Edmund's jealousy. Fatigued at length with forming fruitless conjectures, he threw himself upon his bed of down, and soon lost the remembrance of his cares in a refreshing slumber.

In the mean time, Clara was revolving in her mind the best method of putting in practice a wild scheme that she had formed, of visiting Prince Ferdinand in prison. She did not dare confide her plan to any one, for she feared that anybody she might consult would either laugh at her folly or betray her secret. Besides, to obtain any assistance, she must give some motive for her conduct; and as Clara did not exactly know her own reasons for thus acting, it was quite impossible she could make out a case to satisfy another. To go, however, she was determined; and when the family of her uncle were all retired, she wrapped herself in a large mantle, and with some difficulty contrived to reach the street. The night was cold and dark; a thick mist fell, and Clara seemed chilled to the heart; yet a feeling she could not

account for, urged her on. Clara was young and romantic; she loved Prince Ferdinand, and she fancied him in danger. How she was to save him she knew not, and yet it was solely the hope of saving him that urged her forward.

She had discovered he was confined at Kensington, and thither she bent her steps:—but as she passed the palace, she found a crowd of balloons floating around it, laden with persons whose anxiety respecting the Queen had kept them waiting, and induced them to besiege her door personally with their inquiries; whilst the lighted flambeaux, belonging to these aërial vehicles, flashed brightly in the air, and looked like a multitude of dancing stars, as they rapidly crossed and recrossed each other above her head.

This little incident completed poor Clara's bewilderment; and, terrified lest she should be seen and recognized, she hurried on without exactly knowing where she was going, till, perplexed by the different appearance the streets seemed to assume in the darkness, and her own fears, she found to her unspeakable dismay



that she had lost her road. In the greatest agitation and distress, she now wandered to and fro, whilst her embarrassment was increased every moment by the ill-timed raillery of the passers by. At last, she became quite surrounded by a group of people, who assailed her with so many questions and jokes, that the poor girl, quite overpowered, stopped short, and burst into tears.

“Och! and what are ye about to be after disturbing a poor young cratur like that,” cried the well-known voice of Father Murphy, as the friar’s portly figure was seen bustling through the mob. “What are ye after there? Don’t you see the poor thing has lost her way in the darkness; and if ye bother her so, how d’ye think she’ll ever be able to find it?”

Never did any music sound so harmoniously in Clara’s ears, as the father’s rich deep brogue; and darting forwards she threw herself at his feet, and, clasping her arms round his knees, she exclaimed—“Oh! save me! I am Clara! Clara Montagu!”

“Clara!” cried Father Murphy, in the ut-

most astonishment. "Clara! why, what in the name of Heaven brings you out, child, at this hour of the night?"

"Oh! don't ask me, father," returned Clara, gasping for breath; "that is, I will tell you presently. But take me away; for the love of the blessed Virgin, save me from these men!"

"Come here, my child," said the Father, drawing her arm within his own, and walking away with her; "let us lave these people. And now," continued he, when they were already at some distance from the crowd, "you must tell me, child, what brings ye here?"

This question, though it was a very natural one for the friar to ask, was beyond Clara's power to answer. In fact, she trembled so dreadfully that she could scarcely stand; and when she attempted to speak, her teeth chattered in her head so violently, that she could not articulate a syllable. "Poor thing," muttered the compassionate priest, after waiting a few minutes in vain for an answer, "she'll be better presently."

All now was dark, and they walked slowly on some paces without speaking, when four bright flashes from a neighbouring clock announced the completion of some hour, and the next instant the solemn deep-toned bell distinctly pronounced the word "one," and then all again was silent.

"I had no fancy it was so late," said the father, whose disposition was naturally too cheerful to let him ever remain long silent.

"Did you think it was one o'clock, Clara? I little thought I should ever be wandering with you, dear, in the streets at such a time of night. I can't help fancying it's all a dream, any how: so speak, darling, if you can, and tell me all about it."

Clara felt still more faint, and only replied by clinging yet more firmly to the friar's arm. Father Murphy was frightened and thought she was going to die.—"Oh murther!" cried he, "what will I do? she brathing her last, sweet cratur, and nobody by to help her, and I not knowing how to comfort her."

The delicate form of Clara seemed every



instant to become more heavy, as she still clung almost unconsciously to the friar's arm, and gasped feebly for breath.

“Oh! what will I do? what will I do?” repeated the poor father, looking eagerly around for aid: all however was dark, and gloomy and silent as the grave. Suddenly, however, a bright meteor-like substance appeared at the edge of the horizon, and the friar, to his unspeakable transport, discovered it to be a patent night fire-stage balloon. He hailed it, and in a few moments it was hovering over their heads; the accommodation ladder was let down, and Clara and her companion having ascended to the car, the balloon again rapidly sailed along.

“Where are we going?” asked Clara faintly.

“Och!” returned the friar, “and that’s what I never thought of asking, darling; but Heaven be praised that ye are so much better as to be able to bother yourself about it.”

“We are going to Kensington, miss,” said the balloon conductor.

“Kensington!” repeated Clara, clapping her hands together in transport—“thank God!”

“It’s a very good thing to be thankful any how,” said the father; “but I own I don’t see why you should cry out in such rapture, when you find we are going the wrong road.”

“Oh ! no, no, father,” returned Clara, “not the wrong road ; for Kensington is the gaol of all my wishes.”

“Poor thing ! she is certainly distracted,” thought Father Murphy. “The loss of her cousin has deprived her of her senses ; but I will let her take her own way ; perhaps she’ll be better presently.”

“Where will you like to be set down ?” asked the man.

“Near the prison,” cried Clara eagerly.

“Near the prison !” repeated Father Murphy, shrugging his shoulders. “Ay, ay, I was right.”

Not another word was spoken till the balloon stopped and the passengers were set down : all still was dark, save a land-light that gleamed from the battlements of the prison, and showed a tall, clumsy-looking figure that marched with

heavy, measured steps to and fro before the gates, whilst at a little distance lay a party of soldiers bivouacking. Clara shuddered as she looked at them, and hastily turning away, timidly approached the figure, and begged it to let her into the prison. It continued its march, but as it did not speak, she attempted to pass by it.

“No admittance,” said the figure, as she touched it, in trying to reach the door.

“I implore you,” cried Clara, wringing her hands in agony.

The figure did not reply, but continued its solemn tramp unmoved; its hollow steps falling heavily upon the ear at regular intervals. Driven to despair, Clara again endeavoured to rush past it; but she was again repulsed as the figure reiterated its monotonous “No admittance!” Clara threw herself upon her knees before it in agony.

“Clara! Clara dear!” cried Father Murphy, attempting to raise her, “you are certainly quite beside yourself; don’t you see it is an automaton? nothing can stop it but the proper

check-string, and that is in that little guard house, round which you see the soldiers lying."

"Then *they* can admit me," cried Clara wildly, "they *are men*, and will surely listen to me:" then before the father could stop her, she flew towards them, and throwing herself at the feet of the commanding officer, implored his pity. The officer was a man of feeling, and, touched with compassion at her evident anguish, had promised to grant her petition ere Father Murphy, who was too fat to move with much agility, could reach them. "Thank you! thank you!" cried Clara, kissing the officer's hand. "God bless you!"

The officer smiled at her warmth. "Wait here a little," said he: "I will soon return and admit you, if I obtain permission; but State Prisoners are ordered to be guarded so closely, that I dare not take any step respecting them, without consulting the governor."

"So then you'll get in after all," said Father Murphy, who had approached near enough to hear this last speech. "Well, well, what a world this is we live in! Here have been dukes and princes begging for admission un-

successfully, and yet a little saucy girl, only because she happens to be half distracted, is let in at the very first word."

Clara did not reply ; but wrapping herself in her cloak, sate down on a large stone near the gates to wait the officer's return. The solemn automaton had been stopped for a moment to allow him to pass, but it had now resumed its slow measured step, and Clara's heart sickened at the sound. The mist cleared away, and the night became fine, though cold, whilst the moon having struggled through the clouds that rapidly scudded across the sky, shed her pale feeble light upon the scene. Clara shuddered as she looked at the dark heavy building behind her, and, wrapping her cloak tighter round her, fixed her eyes anxiously upon the sky, watching the varied shapes assumed by the clouds as they drifted along, and sighing heavily as they passed.

"Now tell me, dear," said Father Murphy, seating himself beside her, "what ye mane to say to yere cousin when ye get in to see him. Spake freely, for the devil a word the spalpeens



yonder shall hear of what ye're going to say, by reason of their being all fast asleep."

"My cousin!" exclaimed Clara. "Who? what?"

"Your cousin Edmund, that ye're come so far to see," resumed the father.

"My cousin!" replied Clara; "Oh! ay, true. It was my cousin that fought with him, you know. But I don't want to see my cousin."

"Not want to see your cousin!" reiterated Father Murphy, his eyes almost starting from his head in the excess of his astonishment. "Why did you come here then?"

"To—to see Prince Ferdinand," said Clara in a faltering voice, looking down, and blushing.

Father Murphy's astonishment was now far too great for words, and he could only look at her in speechless horror as he revolved some plan in his mind for getting her quietly back to her friends.

"How wild she looks!" thought he: "she must be put in confinement; there is no saying to what lengths, so strange a delusion may carry her."

Whilst the poor father was thus cogitating and repeating to himself divers coaxing forms of words, by the help of which he hoped to persuade her to return, the automaton again stopped, and, the prison door flying open, the officer beckoned Clara to advance. She flew towards him. "Clara! Clara dear!" said Father Murphy, "had you not better go home?" But Clara heard him not; she was already in the prison; the doors had closed, and the automaton sentinel had again resumed his measured, beaten track.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried the unhappy Father Murphy, "what will I do? How will I get her out? Poor Sir Ambrose—he will break his heart. I dare say he knows nothing about it. These kind of fits always come on suddenly."

Thus lamenting, the worthy father walked up and down before the prison in a state of pitiable distress, till a bright thought flashed across his mind, and he set off as fast as his trembling limbs could carry him to put it in execution.

In the mean time Clara had followed the

officer into the prison, and her heart beat faster as she advanced, for her undertaking now appeared to her in a new light, and she trembled as she thought of the interpretation the Prince might put upon her boldness. It was, however, too late to repent ; she had not even time for hesitation. The officer is already at the door, the bolts are withdrawn, and Clara finds herself in the presence of Ferdinand. Confused and horror-struck at what she had done, she, however, scarcely knew where she was, every thing seemed to swim before her eyes, and, gasping for breath, she caught firm hold of the door-way for support.

For some moments, Ferdinand was not aware of her presence, as he sat gloomily resting his head upon his hand, his elbow supported by a table, upon which lay a variety of papers, whilst Hans, a favourite servant, who had followed him from Germany, stood beside him.

Awed by his abstraction, and abashed by the presumption she had been guilty of, in intruding, unsolicited, upon his presence, Clara still stood irresolute, fearing alike to advance or to recede, till the officer, impatient at her delay, cried, in a loud voice—

“ Walk in, if you please, Ma’am, that I may re-lock the door. I shall return to let you out in an hour.”

The sound of the officer’s voice caught the attention of Ferdinand, and he looked towards the door-way, from the shade of which the trembling Clara was now forced to advance.

“ Miss Montagu,” cried Prince Ferdinand, who had seen her at one of Elvira’s parties, and had thought her so pretty as to inquire her name,—“ this is an unhoped-for pleasure ; I did not expect this.”

“ I came—I came—” stammered Clara : and here she stopped short, for upon recollection she really could not tell why she did come.

“ I am delighted to see you,” said the prince, smiling, and taking her hand, “ whatever may be the cause that has procured me this honour.”

“ I—I—I—had—rather—sit—down,” stammered Clara, without having the least idea what she was talking about.

“ Well then, we will sit down,” said Ferdinand : and, gently placing her upon a chair, he drew one to her side, and again took her hand.

His touch thrilled through Clara's whole frame. She felt his ardent gaze upon her face, and dreadfully agitated, fearing she knew not what, she turned away from him, and tried to withdraw her hand.

"I — I — I — believe—I must go," said she.

"So soon," cried Ferdinand, again smiling, for it was impossible to mistake the cause of her confusion. "I thought the gaoler said he should not come again for you in less than an hour."

"Did he!" repeated Clara, quite unconscious of what she said, and without daring to look at him.

"My dear Miss Montagu, will you not bestow one look upon me?" cried Ferdinand, in his most insinuating tone, sinking upon one knee before her, and gently encircling her slender waist with his arm, as he turned her towards him. Clara could not resist his imploring eyes; her heart beat, she blushed, she trembled, she looked upon the ground; when suddenly Ferdinand uttered a faint cry, and started upon his feet. Clara gazed at him with wonder, for



that countenance, so lately beaming with love and tenderness, now seemed aghast with horror. She followed the direction of his eyes, and beheld in the door-way the giant form of Cheops; whilst the Mummy's appalling laugh resounded in his ears. Involuntarily Clara shuddered, and hid her face in her hands.

"By the silver bow of Isis!" cried Cheops tauntingly, "I admire your charity, Miss Montagu. Why do you hide your face? But so it is, true merit is always bashful, and the beneficent spirit that prompted Clara Montagu to visit the distressed, and even prefer a stranger to her own cousin, makes her blush to avow her goodness."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Clara, falling at his feet. "You know my heart, and I implore your assistance."

"And you shall have it," returned Cheops. "As for you," continued he, addressing the prince; "what is your wish?"

"Deliver me from this prison, and make Clara mine, and I will be your slave."

"It is well," said the Mummy. "Clara, you must retire with me; this is no place for you.

As for you, prince, Lord Maysworth and Father Murphy will be admitted to your presence in the course of a few hours, to consult with you respecting your defence. Follow their advice, and fear nothing. Rely upon me, and you shall be safe. Come, Clara ! you must return to the house of your uncle. He is prepared to receive you, and will forgive your absence, as Father Murphy will, ere we reach him, have fully explained its cause : and Sir Ambrose will overlook your folly, in consideration of your youth. Adieu, Prince ! we shall meet again !”

The Mummy and Clara now withdrew, leaving the prince’s mind much relieved, as his confidence in his new friend was unbounded ; whilst the discovery he had made of the devoted love of Clara soothed his troubled spirit, and robbed his confinement of half its bitterness.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN the mean time, Lord Edmund's mind had been tortured by the bitterest anguish, and his agitation, added to the pain of his wounds, had produced a considerable degree of fever. The conduct of Elvira, and the anxiety she had evinced respecting the prince, seemed to confirm his worst suspicions. "O God! O God!" cried he, as he paced his prison in agony; "I could have borne any thing but this—it is too, too much. By Heaven! I could sell myself to everlasting perdition to be revenged."

As he spoke, he heard the key of his dungeon door grate in the lock, and he shuddered, for he almost fancied some hideous spectre would appear in answer to his call, and he felt indescribably relieved when he heard the gentle,

insinuating tones of Father Morris. Sweet is the voice of friendship to the disappointed spirit, and soft falls the balm of consolation from those we love, upon the wounded heart. Edmund's bosom thus throbbed with transport when he saw the reverend father, and, throwing his arms round his neck, he sobbed like a child.

"My dear Edmund," said the priest, also excessively affected, for he really loved Edmund, "it breaks my heart to see you thus—cruel Elvira!"

"Oh, blame her not, father!" exclaimed Edmund; "I cannot bear that even you should blame her. She is deceived—she is under the influence of infatuation. We cannot control our hearts, you know, father."

"But that she should be capable of loving another, when your services, your devoted affection—"

"Alas! alas! father, love is not to be bought by services. All she could give she has given; I possess her friendship and esteem."

"And are you satisfied with those?"

"Satisfied! Oh heavens!"

"At any rate, I suppose you could bear to

see her married to Prince Ferdinand, if you thought it would contribute to her happiness."

"Married to him!" cried Edmund, gnashing his teeth in agony—"married to him! Oh any thing but that: but I will never live to see it."

"You are not likely," calmly returned the priest; "for, as the state requires a victim, and Elvira will certainly not resign her Endymion, you will doubtless be sacrificed to save him."

"Hold, hold!" cried Edmund, driven to madness by the thought; "do not dare to repeat those cursed words; I could die to serve her, but I will not be sacrificed. What! am I to be made a tool, a child, an idiot?—destined to labour for my rival, and denied even the poor satisfaction of showing the extent of my devotion? But I will not die so calmly; Elvira shall not forget me—I will see her—she shall at least know my sentiments; and if she treats me with scorn, I will die, it is true, but it shall be by my own hand, and at her feet. I will not be sacrificed—I will not steal out of life like a common criminal.—No; the world shall know my wrongs—I will be heard, I will not



fall unnoticed and unknown. Take this chain, Father Morris; give it to her, and tell her I implore, by the recollection of the moment when she bestowed it upon me, that she will grant me an interview. If she refuse me—but no, no, she cannot.”

Father Morris took the chain, and, promising to see the Queen, withdrew, leaving Lord Edmund in a state of indescribable agitation. He was not left long, however, to his solitary reflections, for, as he paced with hasty strides his prison, and turned as he reached the wall, the Mummy, Cheops, stood before him.

“Ah, wretch!” cried Edmund, “what brings you here? Came you to torment your victims?”

“I came to help and comfort the unfortunate,” said the Mummy.

“Begone!” cried Lord Edmund, “I do not want your pity, and your proffered help I scorn.”

“Spare your scorn, proud Lord,” returned Cheops, “*it* will not aid you, though I might.”

“I want no aid!” exclaimed Lord Edmund,

“ and, least of all, such help as *you* can give me. I despise alike your pity and your vengeance. Come what will, I rely upon myself. Conscious of my own integrity, I do not fear to fall, though demons should assail me. Avaunt then, fiend, for over me thou hast no power !”

Cheops burst into one of his fiendish laughs, and exclaiming, “ ‘That time will show,’ ” disappeared.

Edmund felt relieved by his absence, though, in spite of his boasted firmness, and the sovereign contempt he expressed for the Mummy, he could not prevent his mind from dwelling upon the circumstance. The appearance of Cheops, indeed, never failed to excite a deep and powerful interest in the minds of all who conversed with him, whilst his appalling laugh struck terror to the firmest breast, and even those who affected to despise his menaces could not prevent their minds from dwelling upon his words. This irresistible power had its full effect upon the mind of Edmund, and, though he endeavoured in vain to shake it off and rouse his mind to think of other things, still the gigantic Mummy seemed to stalk before

him. In vain did he strive to picture to himself his interview with the Queen; the hideous features of the Mummy rose in his imagination instead of the lovely form of Elvira, till at length, fatigued and exhausted, he threw himself upon his couch: yet even in his dreams the same image haunted him, and the same words rang in his ears.

Whilst these scenes were taking place in the prison, Elvira was suffering all the torments of a burning fever; she was, indeed, seriously ill: the excessive agitation of her mind, and the horror she felt at the idea of being the murderer of Ferdinand, had overpowered her reason; and by the time Dr. Coleman arrived, (he having been sent for on the first alarm,) she was quite delirious. The thought that she alone had caused the danger of Ferdinand, occupied her mind; and, not being able to bear the idea that her folly might occasion the destruction of a human being, she raved of him incessantly, and repeatedly offered to sacrifice her life to preserve his.

Her ravings were heard by her domestics, and being neither exactly understood, nor cor-

rectly repeated, their reports, aided by the artful insinuations of Father Morris, soon produced rumours throughout the city, that the Queen was violently in love with Prince Ferdinand, and had gone mad because the law did not permit her to marry him. The effect this idea produced was prodigious; it was implicitly believed, for the lower classes are naturally fond of the marvellous, and, when there are two sides to a question, are very seldom disposed to err by judging too favourably; whilst the indignation it excited was unbounded. In some cases, men are more tenacious of their prejudices than of their rights. Thus, then, though the English, by consenting to the marriage of their Queen, had deprived themselves of the important right of electing their own Sovereign; they considered what they had done as trifling, when compared with the horror they felt at the thought of submitting to a foreign King: whilst the emissaries of Rosabella, taking advantage of this feeling, by alternately playing upon their fears, and magnifying their terrors, worked them up almost to a state of desperation.

The party of Elvira, in the mean time, was quite unable to stem the torrent opposed to it. The Queen and her father were both too ill to leave their beds, and Lord Edmund was in prison.

“What will become of us?” whispered Emma to Dr. Coleman, one day in the chamber of Elvira, when she fancied the Queen to be asleep. “To-morrow Prince Ferdinand and Lord Edmund are to be tried, and, they say, not even the Queen has power to pardon them if they are convicted.”

“It is but too true,” returned Dr. Coleman; “they must die, and the punishment is horrid. The criminal is doomed to be burned by a slow fire.”

“Horrible!” cried Emma; “and this only for drawing a sword in the vicinity of a royal palace.”

“Alas! that is not all! Ferdinand is accused of wishing to marry the Queen; and the laws that devote to a horrid death the man who shall presume to address her in the language of love, yet hold good against foreigners.”



“I cannot believe Prince Ferdinand ever dared even think of the Queen,” said Emma.

“God only can judge the heart,” observed Dr. Coleman; “but, I am sorry to say, the proofs are very strong against him: I have heard, from undoubted authority, that persons will swear they heard him absolutely make love to the Queen; and that she promised to marry him if she could obtain the consent of her people.”

“It is false!” cried Elvira, starting from her bed, and standing suddenly between them—  
“false as hell! Prince Ferdinand never addressed a single syllable breathing of love to me in his existence. He is the victim of a mistake, or rather of my folly; but he shall not die—I will save him, or perish in the attempt!”

The calm, decided tone in which Elvira spoke, and her spectral appearance, produced an almost magical effect upon her auditors, and they stood awestruck and aghast, whilst Elvira continued:—

“Dress me, Emma; I will see my people; I will appeal to them myself. It is the day

for receiving petitions in Blackheath Square : there will be a multitude assembled. I will go there in person, and address them."

"It is the raving of delirium," whispered Emma to Dr. Coleman ; " what shall I do ?"

"Do you dare to hesitate?" said Elvira, whose sense of hearing, sharpened by her recent illness, enabled her to catch distinctly the words of her favourite.

"Humour her," returned Dr. Coleman ; "in her present state, opposition would be fatal."

"It would indeed be fatal," said Elvira, seating herself in a large arm-chair, whilst the temporary colour her previous exertion had given her, faded from her cheeks, and she looked the image of death.

"She will faint !" cried Emma, flying for aid.

"It is impossible for her to go in this state !" said the doctor.

"Impossible !" cried Elvira, starting up wildly, and her cheeks again glowing with the deepest crimson, whilst her eyes sparkled with superhuman fire ; " what is impossible to a determined spirit ? Haste ! haste ! Emma, and let me go, whilst I have yet strength ; for go I

will, though death await me there. My rashness has endangered the life of Prince Ferdinand, and I will die to save him !”

Farther opposition was useless, and the doctor retiring, Emma hastily attired her mistress. The people were expected to assemble as usual in the Square, though, from the illness of the Queen, a deputation of nobles had been appointed to receive the petitions. The feelings of Elvira were wrought up to an unnatural energy : every limb trembled with agitation, and every nerve thrilled with impatience, whilst she was dressing ; and when she was ready, she descended the staircase, leaning upon the arm of Emma, her cheeks flushed with a hectic glow, her lips quivering, and her eyes shining with unusual brightness.

At the foot of the staircase they met Cheops. He stedfastly regarded the Queen, and smiled at her agitated appearance with his usual calm scorn.

“ Oh !” cried Elvira, the moment she beheld him, “ my pride is humbled. I own I love Seymour. Aid me to save Ferdinand, and I am thy slave.”

“ Appeal to your people,” said Cheops, his

eyes flashing with proud triumph ; “ your feelings will give you eloquence. But do not confine yourself to obtaining the power to pardon Ferdinand. Demand to be free ; the people will refuse you nothing. Tell them, first, that they have insulted you by giving you permission to marry, and then dictating whom you shall choose. Require perfect freedom. They will comply, and bow their necks beneath your footstool. But rest not satisfied with any thing short of actual submission. Endure no conditions. This is the moment to decide your future destiny. Act with energy, and you will be happy. But if you falter, destruction is your portion.”

“ I will obey you to the letter,” said Elvira, as she walked with a firm step past him, and sprang into her balloon, followed by Emma.

“ Oh, my dear, dear mistress !” said that faithful confidant, “ do not listen to that wretch ; he is a serpent sent to wile you to destruction. Do be advised ; do return and relinquish this mad enterprize.”

Elvira did not reply. Her feelings were too highly wrought to permit her to speak, and

bending eagerly forward, she watched, with an impatient eye, the streets and houses they flitted over, scarcely able to bear the agony of suspense during the time necessarily lost in the transit, and seeming every instant to long to precipitate herself forward to the goal of her wishes.

The balloon now rose unusually high, whilst masses of fleecy clouds hid the town from their view, and looked like flocks of sheep beneath their feet.

“We are going wrong!” cried Elvira, in agony; “we shall be too late.”

“No, no,” said Emma, “I feel we descend again—we are arrived.”

And as she spoke, the balloon sank rapidly, whilst the clouds opening, discovered the immense Square below them, apparently paved with human heads.

“Thank God! we are not too late!” cried Elvira, clasping her hands together, and sinking back upon her seat; whilst the balloon-conductor directed the machine to the palace usually appointed for the reception of the Queen. Elvira did not wait to arrange her



dress ; she did not wait to take refreshment, or even to rest a single moment from her fatigue, but she rushed upon the terrace the instant she quitted the balloon, and presented herself before her astonished people, every limb quivering from the violence of her agitation.

The crowd was immense. The extensive space looked one compact mass of human heads ; but Elvira's courage did not fail her. Though she had now no Lord Edmund to support her, and no father or applauding friends to listen as she spoke, yet the enthusiasm of the moment gave her strength. She forgot every thing but the cause that brought her there ; and her mind, thrown back upon its own resources, rallied its energies, and seemed to gather courage from the thought ; whilst her sylphic figure appeared to dilate in size, and assume an almost awful dignity from the grandeur of the spirit that animated it, as she thus stood before her subjects, her life or death hanging upon their will.

Her arrival had been hailed by the loudest shouts of wonder and of joy ; but when the multitude saw she wished to address them, the tumult was hushed, and they waited in breathless

silence for her speech. The deep stillness that prevailed amongst this so lately bustling crowd of human beings, and the thought that every ear and every eye were turned towards her, slightly affected the nerves of Elvira, and her lips trembled as she began to speak ; but as she became warmed with her subject, her voice gradually assumed its natural depth, melody, and sweetness ; whilst its full tones sank deep into the hearts of her auditors, and carried conviction as she went on.

She first appealed to their gratitude ; and, after alluding to all she had done to secure peace and plenty to their domestic firesides, she reverted to the misery of her own situation, before the laws had been revoked that had condemned her to celibacy. She powerfully painted the harshness of the destiny that debarred her from the blessings she had so lavishly bestowed upon others. She alone, of all her subjects, had been destined to the wretchedness of a solitary life, unsoothed by the tender cares of a husband, uncheered by the affection of children. She alone had been doomed to wither away her youth in cheerless widowhood. Their fiat had

changed her destiny ; but was it the part of a noble and generous people, whilst they conferred a benefit to encumber it with restrictions ? No ; she was confident the liberal spirit of the English would spurn the sordid thought, and shrink from such a manner of obliging. “ Make me free ! ” said she, “ really, absolutely free, and I promise solemnly you shall never have occasion to blush for your Queen.”

As she spoke, her cheeks glowed, and her eyes sparkled with unwonted fire ; whilst the people, struck by the suddenness of her appearance, and her enthusiasm, and carried away by the force of the sentiment that could metamorphose the tender, gentle Elvira into the exalted being before them, shouted applause ; whilst cries rang loudly through the air of “ Long live Elvira ! ” “ Marry whom you list, we shall still be your slaves ! Still be our Queen, and let your children and children’s children reign over us, when you shall be no more.”

Delight danced in the bright eyes of Elvira, and a blush of pleasure mantled on her cheek, as she gracefully thanked them. “ And yet, my friends,” continued she, in a fainter voice,

“there is another privilege I would demand at your hands. I am called free and absolute, yet I am chained by the laws. Unloose these bands ; give me at least the power to pardon. I know, that if I wished it, I might reverse these laws at my will, as the power of the Queen that made them was not greater than that which you have bestowed upon me. But I wish not to do so : I would rather accept that from your hands as a favour which I might exact as a right. Give me then, my people, the most blessed attribute of royalty. Let me pardon. Can you refuse me this?”

“No , no !” shouted the people with enthusiasm ; “we are your slaves ! Do with us as you list. The laws are yours ; and though you change them at your pleasure, we will obey ! Long live Elvira ! Elvira for ever ! From henceforth we own no law but her will !”

Elvira’s rapture was unbounded ; she forgot the unstable nature of the vox populi, and triumphed in the devotion of her people ; whilst they, in return, shouted forth her praise, as she warmly expressed her gratitude, in tumultuous transports. The air rang with acclamations ;

and Elvira, looking proudly round upon her obsequious subjects, felt herself indeed a Queen. There is perhaps no sensation in the world more delightful than thus to feel oneself the idol of the multitude, to see every eye beaming with admiration, to hear every voice resounding praise, and to know every heart is devoted to one object. The human mind cannot enjoy a higher gratification than in the consciousness of power ; whilst the man thus exalted, seems raised to the level of a divinity, and triumphs in the worship of his fellow-creatures : but, alas ! such glory is too much for mortals, and nothing can be more evanescent, or rather, nothing a more certain prelude to disgrace.

Elvira, however, knew not that her popularity was too great to be lasting. She implicitly believed her people would continue to feel what they now expressed, and, catching the spirit of the moment, she persuaded them to sign an abolition of the laws, and a confirmation of her absolute power. The people obeyed with rapture ; the enthusiasm that animated them had not yet abated ; and even if Elvira had desired their lives, they would have obeyed.



They considered her inspired, and it seemed sacrilege even to hesitate to comply with her commands.

So powerful was the energy of a woman's will, and so sure it is that a determined spirit may overcome any difficulties when once roused resolutely to exert itself. Such also is the influence of beauty and eloquence upon the human mind, and so weak is judgment when attacked through the medium of the senses.

In the mean time, the council of Elvira had met in their usual apartment, and were holding a solemn consultation, previous to going to receive the petitions, on the propriety of addressing the people whom they might find assembled in the Square, respecting the illness and consequent incapacity for reigning of the Queen.

“Thinking as I think, and as I am confident every one here must think,” said Lord Gustavus de Montfort, “there is no middle course to be pursued: a regency must be appointed, or the government will be overturned.”

“Oh ! there is no doubt, we cannot exist without a regency,” said Lord Noodle.

“Yes, yes ! we must have a regency !” cried Lord Doodle.

“It appears to me, to say the least of it, premature,” observed the Duke of Essex, a highly respectable nobleman, who had hitherto observed a cautious neutrality ; “I think, before deciding upon so important a question, we should at least examine her Majesty’s physicians, and be guided by their report.”

“His Grace is quite right,” said Lord Noodle.

“We ought to examine the physicians,” said Lord Doodle.

“One of them has just entered the council-chamber,” observed Lord Gustavus ; “I presume he brings the usual daily bulletin of her Majesty’s health : is it your pleasure, my lords, that he be examined ?”

“By all means !” cried all the noble lords simultaneously, and Dr. Hardman advanced.

“How is her most gracious Majesty ?” asked Lord Gustavus, with his usual solemnity.

“Alas ! my lord,” said Dr. Hardman, “her

Majesty has slept badly, and is much worse this morning."

"Is she still delirious?" asked the Duke of Essex.

"Quite, your Grace," returned the doctor, shaking his head.

"Then I fear there is no hope?" said the duke.

"None!" said Lord Noodle, shaking his head.

"None!" echoed Lord Doodle, shaking his.

"Thinking as I think, and as I am sure every one here must think," said Lord Gustavus, "we must not suffer the interests of the people to be invaded with impunity. The constitution requires watching over, and I consider this a matter that ought to be inquired into."

"Then you think the senses of the Queen irrecoverable?" asked the Duke of Essex, addressing Dr. Hardman.

"Not irrecoverable, I hope, my lord duke," replied the doctor; "though I own her delirium is alarming."

"What does she rave about," asked Lord

Doodle ; curiosity being the only mark he ever gave of his being a rational animal.

“ It is a delicate subject,” returned the doctor ; “ and if your lordships will excuse me—”

“ Oh, no ! you must tell us,” said Lord Doodle.

“ Thinking as I think, and as I am sure every one else ought to think,” said Lord Gustavus ; “ concealment in this case would be a crime.”

“ Since your lordships command me,” replied the doctor, “ however reluctant I may be to betray her Majesty’s secrets, it is my duty to obey. The Queen raves incessantly of Prince Ferdinand.

“ I feared as much,” said the Duke of Essex. “ And do you think if she recovers she’ll want to marry him ?” asked Lord Doodle.

“ I fear it cannot be doubted, my Lord :” returned the doctor.

“ Then, thinking as I think, and as every free-born Englishman ought to think,” said Lord Gustavus, “ she will forfeit her crown.”

A deep silence followed this daring speech, yet, though no one assented to it, no one at-

tempted to contradict it. In fact, every man seemed afraid of committing himself; for, though every one thought Lord Gustavus would not have ventured so far, had he not felt assured the party against the Queen was strong, yet no one liked to be the first to declare himself her opponent. This awkward pause was broken by the entrance of Sir Ambrose and Father Morris, who came with a message from the Duke of Cornwall, imploring them not to decide upon any measure hastily, and informing them that on the following day his physicians assured him he would be able to assist their deliberations in person.

“We all esteem and respect the duke,” said Lord Gustavus. “But, thinking as I think, and as I am confident every one who hears me must think, not even our respect for him ought to induce us to consent that the Queen should marry a foreigner! No, no, we must not let private feelings make us risk the interests of the people.”

“I dare say they will not be in any danger,” murmured the soft, insinuating voice of Father Morris—“I dare say they will run no risk.



Foreigners have sometimes been known to respect the interests of a people, and reign as gloriously as native-born monarchs."

"Not often, I believe, father," said Sir Ambrose. "At any rate, I am sure it would break the duke's heart to see his daughter married to Prince Ferdinand, and I am sure it would break mine to see him King of England. Weak, silly Elvira! I cannot account for her infatuation; and I have no patience with her, for causing all this misery solely by her folly."

"You use strong language, Sir Ambrose," said the Duke of Essex.

"Not stronger than the occasion requires, my lord duke," returned the worthy baronet. "I have known the Queen from her childhood, and loved her as a daughter; but now—"

"The matter must certainly be inquired into," said Lord Gustavus. "It is the duty of every well-disposed patriotic Englishman not to suffer the slightest invasion of the constitution. Our laws are our bulwarks; we ought to die to defend our laws; and if the Queen be no longer in a fit state to administer them, or if she even contemplate the design of putting the ad-

ministration of them into hands in which their purity will be contaminated, then, thinking as I think, and as I feel confident every individual who hears me must think, or, at least, ought to think, there can remain only one course for us to pursue."

"Perhaps," said Father Morris, "we may be deceived, and the delirium of the Queen may be transient, or, at least, her mentioning the name of Prince Ferdinand in her ravings quite accidental. It is not well to be too rash—"

"Oh, no, reverend father," replied Lord Gustavus; "you deceive yourself. Your abstraction from the world, and the goodness of your heart, lead you to judge too favourably of others. But we, who know the world, see deeper. You, holy father, can form no idea of the folly of human passions; you are above their weaknesses, and cannot suspect that in another which you are incapable of feeling yourself: but, as I said before, we, that know the world, see deeper. Elvira is in love with Prince Ferdinand, and is quite capable of sacrificing her throne and people to the caprices of a romantic passion."

“Impossible!” cried Father Morris, with well-acted astonishment.

“Is is very true, notwithstanding,” said Lord Gustavus, shaking his head sagaciously; whilst his attendant satellites, the Lords Noodle and Doodle, shook theirs for sympathy.

“Impossible!” cried Sir Ambrose; “she cannot surely carry her infatuation to such a height: she is too noble: but even if she be so mad, will no one step forward and save her from destruction?”

“I do not see how any one can save her, if such be her intentions,” said the Duke of Essex. “Women are proverbially self-willed; and, now that the people have put the laws into her own hands—”

“The people were cajoled into consent,” exclaimed Lord Gustavus; “but if the Queen be so mad as to intend to marry the prince, she must lose her throne and suffer death, for the laws against foreigners remain inexorable”

“Yes, the laws are inexorable!” echoed the Lords Noodle and Doodle.

“Good Heaven!” cried Sir Ambrose, “is it possible I am in England, and yet hear such

barbarous sentiments openly avowed? No one has more right to feel anger at the folly of Elvira than myself; but even I cannot bear such cruelty. What! is a young and beautiful woman, in the very flower of her age, to be doomed to destruction, merely for having shown a susceptible heart? Forbid it, Heaven! And what are we that we should dare to judge so harshly and refuse mercy to a fellow-creature? Are we not all feeble? Do we not all err? And if we show such cruelty in judging such a trifling offence, how shall we expect mercy for our own more weighty ones? Have mercy, then. Let us show ourselves men! Let us dare to exert our reason and throw off the shackles of prejudice. We boast that the law in this case makes us free, and arms us with power against our Sovereign. Let us use that power, then, and show that we are really free by daring to act justly. If we do not, we are slaves!"

"It cannot be," said Lord Gustavus; "you talk well, Sir Ambrose, but words are nothing against facts. If the Queen intend to marry Prince Ferdinand, she must either be insane or

intend to subvert the constitution ; and, in either case, thinking as I think, and as I am sure every reasonable person in the kingdom must think, she is no longer competent to reign, and is no longer worthy to live. Eloquence is a fine thing, and I do not deny that the worthy baronet speaks fluently ; yet, notwithstanding all he can say, or indeed all that can be said, upon the subject, law is law."

" Yes, law is law !" echoed the repeating lords.

" Sir Ambrose, I thank you from my soul !" cried the old Duke of Cornwall, starting from the midst of the crowd. " You have, indeed, proved yourself my friend ; but I should blush to think that my daughter was slandered in my presence, and that I left it to another to undertake her defence. Yes, gentlemen, Elvira is slandered—I will venture my life upon her innocence. Her heart is English, my lords, thoroughly English ; she will marry no German ; no—no, my poor, dear Elvira never dreamed of such a thing ; she is innocent." And here the poor old man, overpowered by his



emotions, could not proceed, but, leaning upon the shoulder of his friend Sir Ambrose, wept bitterly. It is hard to see the tears of aged men; and every one was affected: they had started at the sudden appearance of the duke amongst them; for his gaunt looks and wasted form, aided by the belief of his serious illness, gave him more the aspect of a spectre than a man: and now his trembling voice, and grey hairs, as he attempted to vindicate his child, came home to the hearts of his auditors.

“Alas! why is not Edmund here?” sighed Sir Ambrose; “he would not have left the cause of Elvira to such feeble hands. But he is gone, and, wretched father that I am! I may soon no longer possess my darling boy. Six months ago, two brave sons were the pride of my heart, and the admiration of every eye. Where are they now? the one wandering in foreign climes, exposed to every misery of want, and the other confined in a prison and doomed to suffer an ignominious death. Alas! alas! why has my life been spared to endure such misery?”

Whilst the old man thus lamented, a bustle

was heard amongst the crowd, and the noble lords of whom it was composed, dividing, made way for Elvira ! With glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, the Queen walked proudly along the lane made for her, having a roll of parchment in her hand, and with dignity took her seat upon the vacant throne. A solemn silence prevailed : the conspirators were awed by the sudden appearance of their Sovereign ; and those who had hitherto remained neutral, surprised, stood hesitating, unknowing how to act. Elvira paused a few seconds, sternly surveying the crowd, and finding that no one attempted to speak, she exclaimed, “ How now, my Lords ? what means this silence ? I came to assist your councils, not to interrupt them. Go on, I pray you ; for surely such enlightened senators can have no sentiments they fear to breathe before their Queen.”

“ We were surprised at the sudden appearance of your Majesty,” said the Duke of Essex, “ as, from the report of your Majesty’s physicians, we had feared your Majesty’s illness—”

“ My illness was of the mind, my Lord

Duke!" said Elvira, "and this is the medicine that has cured it. Look, my lords," continued she, unrolling the parchment she carried, and suddenly flashing it before their eyes—"behold my panacea! Now I am, indeed, a Queen; for my people have made me absolute, and, abolishing all laws, have placed their lives and fortunes at my feet."

Lord Gustavus and his adherents stood aghast, gazing upon the Queen and the parchment she held so triumphantly, without the power of uttering a word.

"Ere this," continued the Queen, "the purport of this parchment has received some thousand signatures; yet I do not wish to abuse my power. Go, my lords; I have no longer occasion for your counsels; when I have, I will summon you."

The dignified manner in which Elvira waved her hand as she said this, prevented reply; and the lords of the council dispersed, without daring to utter a single syllable. The duke and Sir Ambrose alone remained. "My dear father," cried Elvira, throwing her arms round his neck, whilst the overstrained feelings that had so

long supported her gave way, and she sobbed in agony upon his shoulder.

“Remove her to her chamber,” said Dr. Coleman, who now appeared; “this agitation will destroy her—her exhausted frame is not able to endure it.”

In fact, the Queen was now completely overpowered, and was carried off by Emma and her attendants in violent hysterics.

Lord Maysworth had not been present at this scene, for his time had been otherwise engaged; and, to explain what occupied him, it will be necessary to go back to the prison of Prince Ferdinand. It may be recollected, when Cheops removed Clara, he had informed the prince that Lord Maysworth and Father Murphy would be with him in a few hours. The Mummy’s information was correct, for at the appointed time they came.

Och!” said Father Murphy, “and where’s Clara? So they’ve let me in after all, ye see; for, knowing Lord Maysworth was your friend, I went to consult him, and he talked to them and tould them how barbarous it was to deny a poor fellow that was just going to be burnt

alive, the consolations of religion ;—they hadn't the heart to refuse me."

"Oh !" groaned Prince Ferdinand ; "is there no hope of escape?"

"I fear not," said Lord Maysworth ; "for, notwithstanding the enormous expense attending public executions, the people are so fond of them, that it is necessary to indulge them now and then ; and they are so devoted to Lord Edmund that his adversary has no chance. Besides, they say there are plenty of witnesses to prove that you have addressed the most impassioned language to the Queen ; your enthusiasm one night at her singing—"

"I remember," cried Prince Ferdinand ; "idiot that I was—oh ! curses on my folly."

"Ah, that's right," exclaimed Father Murphy ; "indulge yerself a little, my honey, and it will do ye good. I don't know a prettier amusement than cursing and swearing, and finding fault when one's in trouble ; and I'd be far from denying ye a little harmless indulgence ; for, as ye're to die so soon, it would be cruel, ye know, not to let ye have all the consolation ye can get hold of."



“ Oh !” exclaimed Prince Ferdinand, “ I am the most wretched of human beings.”

“ And ye may say that, for I don’t see any great hope ye have, in respect that the people must have a victim, and they ’d like you better than Lord Edmund. But never mind that, for the worst that can happen at all, is that ye’ll be roasted alive !”

“ Oh !” groaned Prince Ferdinand, not much consoled by this encouraging speech.

“ Wehe mir !” exclaimed Hans ; “ and can nothing be done?—for though roasting alive may be the worst that can happen, I don’t think my master such an amateur in cookery as to wish to try the experiment.”

“ Och !” cried Father Murphy, “ and I ’m quite of your opinion ; and so, if the prince would just try, and get ready a word or two of defence — or if some clever person that knows the world like yere lordship, for instance, would just give him a word or two of advice—the thing would be entirely done, and all right.”

“ Oh !” cried the prince, clasping his hands together, “ save me ! I implore you to save me !”

“ I will do all I can,” said Lord Maysworth, smiling most graciously ; “ rely upon me, prince ; the suggestion of the holy father shall be attended to. The gratitude I owe your father, demands my greatest exertions—and I am most happy to have an opportunity of serving his son. This worthy father’s plan is excellent : I wonder it did not strike me before. Confide securely in me, prince ; a proper defence shall be prepared, and I think by it you may escape.”

So saying he retired, leaving Prince Ferdinand somewhat consoled by his assurances, but by no means reconciled even to the possibility of being roasted alive. The intermediate time between this conversation and the day fixed for the trial of the prince, was spent by Lord Maysworth in preparing, with the assistance of those “ learned in the law,” this defence : and when it was finished, his rapture was beyond description. Three times did he read it over with still increasing satisfaction, for, as he considered it as his own production, he regarded it with all the true, yet indescribable rapture of a doting parent. We are all so fond of our own chil-

dren, whether of the mind or of the body, regarding them as emanations from ourselves, upon which we may indulge our self-love without the grossness of undisguised vanity, that the transport of Lord Maysworth is not surprising; though he actually carried it so far, that, notwithstanding his professed attachment and gratitude to the German Emperor, I believe if the means of procuring the prince's escape had been offered to him, he would rather have let him stay at the risk of being burned alive, than have lost the pleasure he anticipated on hearing the delivery of his speech.

The important day arrived, and the prince, accompanied by his faithful Hans and Lord Maysworth, proceeded to the court; the latter carrying his beloved brief in his own pocket, rightly considering it far too estimable to be entrusted into any other hands than his.

The court was crowded to an excess—for strange tales of the passion and illness of the Queen had gone forth into the world, each edition more wonderful than that which went before it, and the people now thronged to see the prince with that extraordinary feeling, so com-

mon amongst the English, which makes them stare at a great man in much the same way as they would at a wild beast.

An automaton judge sat with great dignity upon a magnificent throne, looking, though a little heavy, quite as wise and sagacious as judges are wont to look. A real jury (that is, a jury of flesh and blood,) was ranged upon one side of him, and some automaton counsel sate in front, their briefs lying upon the table before them, and having behind each a clerk ready to wind him up when he should be wanted to speak; it being found that the profession of the law gives such an amazing volubility of words, that it was dangerous to wind up the counsel too soon, lest they should go off in the wrong place, and so disturb the silence of the court. In different parts of these counsel were holes, into which briefs being put they were gradually ground to pieces as the counsel were being wound up, till they came forth in words at the mouth: whilst the language in which the counsel pleaded, depended entirely upon the hole into which the brief was put, there being a different one for every possible tongue.

All now was ready; the prisoner with his

friends placed themselves at the bar, and the judge and jury prepared to hear and decide with all due decorum. The signal to begin was given, and the brief for the crown being put into the English department of the counsel appointed to conduct the prosecution, the clerk began to wind away, and in a few minutes the counsel burst forth in the following impassioned strain of eloquence :—

“ My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury,

“ It is with feelings of the most unfeigned regret that I now rise to address you. Sensible—oh ! how deeply sensible, of my insufficiency ! and of the much greater competency of any one of my learned brethren at the bar ; how willingly would I resign the task to any one of those eloquent gentlemen, feeling so indisputably convinced as I do, of their eminent talents and of their merit ; and of their great, oh ! how much greater fitness for an undertaking of this magnitude than myself !”

“ Ach ! Es ist aus mit uns ! wir sind verlohren !” cried Hans ; “ if thou art so unfit for the task, I wonder why the deuce they employed thee !”



“Peace, fool!” said the prince; “do you not see that this is only the exordium? these are words of course.”

The orator had paused for an instant from some error of his machinery; but his clerk setting him in motion again, he went on as follows:—

“But having being deputed to act, I will not shrink from the arduous duty imposed upon me; I will, therefore, state the principal points of the case; prove my facts by witnesses; and then leave the decision to the well-known judgment and penetration of the enlightened and intelligent tribunal before me!”

It was here intended the counsel should bow to the court, but, owing to his defective machinery, he only gave a kind of jerk, and then continued:—

“My Lord, and Gentlemen,

“It sometimes falls to the lot of members of my profession to relate astounding circumstances and soul-harrowing facts!—facts that pierce into the inmost souls of their auditors, and rend their tortured spirits by their iron fangs! as the teeth of the tangible harrow

pierce into and rend asunder the clods of inanimate earth over which it is dragged ! But what I shall have to tell you, gentlemen, will make even facts like these hide their diminished heads, and run skulking into corners like owls trembling, and flying hooting away on being exposed to the scorching glare of the noon-day sun.

“Do you not tremble, gentlemen?—do not your hearts pant in breathless expectation of what is coming? Indulge your anticipations—bid fancy take her wildest flight, and let imagination conjure up all the horrors of the infernal regions. Paint the angel of death hovering upon leathern wings over a devoted city—and shrieking mothers imploring mercy in vain for their murdered children ! Paint all the multiplied horrors of famine, fire, and carnage!—paint miserable starving wretches screaming wildly for food, and, in the agonies of despair gnawing the flesh from their own withering bones!—Paint flames surrounding with their pointed arms an helpless family crying in bitter anguish for the aid that cannot be afforded them!—paint witches celebrating their detested

sabaoth ! Imagine demons indulging in their infernal revels ! Yes, paint and picture to yourself all these, and ten thousand other horrors, each more frightful than the last ;—dwell upon them—let them haunt your imaginations ; but whatever you may fancy, picture, or paint, nothing can ever equal the horror you will feel when you learn the crime of which the prisoner at the bar stands accused. Know then—my tongue falters as I speak, and my quivering lips almost refuse to give utterance to the appalling sounds—know that he has dared, impiously and presumptuously dared, to fall in love with the Queen !

“ I see your indignation at such baseness—I feel the virtuous shame that burns upon every cheek—yes, yes, my friends, I too am an Englishman, and I, like you, spurn with disdain the thought of submitting to a stranger. What do we want with a King ? Has not the country been happy, prosperous, flourishing—respected at home, and honoured abroad, under the dominion of a Queen ?—Yes, yes, my friends, it has, and, under her gentle sway, the murderous weapon of war has been converted into a plough-

share; the nodding helmet and ponderous corslet into the peaceful wig and graceful gown; and the grim aspect of frowning ruin and grinning desolation into the gentle smiles of benignant peace and overwhelming plenty. Long, long may gentle peace continue to shed her benignant smiles upon us.—Long, long may we sit beneath the grateful shade of her olive branches; and long, long may their feathery foliage hang in graceful festoons above our heads, and their pale green wreaths encircle our brows; for in the arms of peace lie joy, ease, and happiness—her smile gives health and contentment, and her blessing wealth.

“And what threatens to affright this bewitching deity from our shores? ’Tis this audacious stranger, who deserves the bitterest punishment for his unparalleled atrocity. But this is not all;—not satisfied with endeavouring to destroy the happiness of the Queendom, and overturn the laws enacted by the wisdom of our ancestors, he has done more: yes, intolerable as his crimes have been, there is still one more deadly behind. Shudder, my friends, and turn away your eyes as the fear-inspiring words drop from



my tongue.—He has dared to draw arms within the precincts of the reginal palace.

“Insufferable audacity ! Hear this, ye shades of former royalty, and tremble in your Elysian groves, at the profane hand that has dared thus to invade your august privileges. Can it be believed ? Will after-ages credit the report ? Oh no, no ! the fact will appear too monstrous for even credulity itself to swallow !

“When the crime, the fatal crime was committed, earth trembled beneath his feet : the winds hushed their murmurs, and all nature stood aghast. The frightened ocean receded from its rocky bed. Pluto rushed shivering from his nether throne, and Neptune waved in vain his tranquillizing trident. The elements were convulsed ; lightning streamed from the swords of the combatants, and thunder rolled above their heads as they stood like two heroes of Arabian fiction wielding the elements in their wrath !

—“But I have done, my lord and gentlemen. I say no more ; for I scorn to prejudice your minds against the prisoner, or make the slightest appeal to your feelings to condemn him. However, this I must say, that if ever a case



could rouse every nerve of a true-born Englishman against it, it is this. Does any man dread to be torn from the calm delights of his comfortable fireside, where he was surrounded by his adoring wife and attentive children, and doomed to incur all the wretchedness of misery and want?—let him condemn the prisoner. Does any man dread being dragged across burning sands, or forced to wade up to the knees in water through marshy deserts?—let him condemn the prisoner. Would any man shudder to be obliged to sleep upon the hard cold ground, his limbs racked with rheumatism, and his body exposed to all the vicissitudes of hunger, thirst, and inclement seasons, whilst his life is endangered every instant?—let him condemn the prisoner;—but if he prefer these horrors to the comforts of a warm down bed, or if he enjoy the prospect of having his substance devoured by tax gatherers, to support the expenses of a foreign war, then let the prisoner be acquitted. But—unless—he—can—make—up—his—mind to—under-go—privations—like—these—let—him—aid—by—his—vote—to condemn—the—wretch—who—

And here the orator stopt abruptly, being

quite gone down. He had indeed uttered the last words gradually slower and slower, and at lengthened intervals, because the attendant clerk had unfortunately given him a turn too little, and had not screwed him up quite tight enough. The witnesses were now called. Several spoke to the circumstance of the extravagant admiration expressed by the prince of Elvira's singing; others deposed to the fact of the combat, and others mentioned the Queen's sighing and abstraction; but the principal one distinctly stated, that he had heard the prince make the Queen an offer of his hand in the gardens of the Somerset House, and that she had consented to marry him if she could obtain the consent of her people. A general thrill of indignation ran through the Court at this evidence, and it was with difficulty that silence was obtained for the pleading of the defendant. At last all was still, and the attendant clerk began to wind up the counsel for the prince. Lord Maysworth watched the moment; but being afraid to trust his beloved brief into any hands but his own, unfortunately in his agitation, he popt it into the wrong hole, and when

the counsel began to speak, he burst forth in French! Words are wanting to express Lord Maysworth's unutterable consternation at this unfortunate accident.

"Stop! stop!" cried he, "Hush! hush! Can nobody stop him?" but the inexorable counsel would not stop:—for once wound up, and properly set in motion, not all the powers of Heaven and earth combined could stop him till he had fairly run down.

"What shall I do?" cried Lord Maysworth, in an agony of despair; "for, if the judge and jury don't understand French, my fine oration will be utterly lost."

"Oh, if that be all," said the clerk, "your lordship need not distress yourself, for as soon as I found what was going on, I ran up to the judge and pulled out his lordship's French stop!"

"And the gentlemen of the jury?"

"O, they all understand French."

"It is well," said Lord Maysworth, "though I am still sorry the hole happened to be French, as I am afraid the verbosity of the language may deteriorate the strength of my expressions."

Thus muttered the noble lord, not sorry, however, I believe, if the whole truth were to be openly declared, that he had an excuse in the change of languages for the failure of his speech, if it should not happen to meet with that brilliant success that he felt so perfectly confident it deserved.

The counsel, in the mean time, went on. The following is a translation of his speech:—

“ My lord, and gentlemen of the jury.

“ It is with feelings of considerable diffidence and hesitation, that I rise to address you, after the flood of eloquence that has poured from my learned brother. I, gentlemen, am not gifted with such an enviable facility of speech; nor is my imagination endowed with that creative power he has so forcibly displayed. I cannot, gentlemen, like him

Uprear the club of Hercules—For what?

To crush a butterfly, or brain a gnat.

Nor have I the least intention of drawing either Neptune or Pluto from the quiet nap they have been taking for so many centuries—to assist in our debate. I assure you, also, gentlemen, that I shall neither disturb the ocean from



its rocky bed, nor make Nature stand aghast.—  
No, my lord and gentlemen, my intentions are perfectly pacific, and your harassed imaginations may repose tranquilly upon my speech, after the tumultuous one of my learned brother, as the way-worn traveller rests peaceably upon the soft green turf, after having been tossed about upon the heaving billows of the tempestuous ocean.

'Tis sweet to rest from dread of danger free,  
And mark the billows of the foaming sea ;  
'Tis sweet, a little skiff to safely urge  
Through the tempestuous ocean's boiling surge ;  
To hear the pattering rains against the roof,  
And feel your hospitable mansion proof.  
But sweeter far the troubled mind's repose  
When of a speech like this, it hears the close.

When I listened to the powerful exordium of my learned friend—and I did listen to him with the most profound attention—I confess my imagination was too highly excited to be satisfied with so lame and impotent a conclusion.—  
'What !' cried I, 'have the laws of nature been reversed—have demons been disturbed in their infernal revels, and witches called from their dusky caverns, merely because a beautiful



woman has excited a tender passion in the breast of a youthful stranger !' Is this so extraordinary an occurrence that it should create such excessive wonder ? Are our hearts so dead to beauty that such a catastrophe should occasion surprise ? Forbid it, Heaven ! No ! whilst our hearts still throb in our bosoms, may they ever beat responsive to the attractions of the fair ! May we never become insensible to the charms of the loveliest objects of creation ! May we ever own their witchery, and bend beneath their magic sway ! Or man, degraded man ! would soon sink below the level of the brutes. View man as he degenerates when secluded from the influence of female society ;—is he not rough, brutal, and unpolished ? Does he not want all those winning graces and those delicate attentions that form so undeniably the charm and solace of life ? In proportion as our sensibility, as our goodness, and all the best feelings of our nature are awakened, we become susceptible of love. It is indeed, excessive sensibility, and a kindly feeling to our fellow-creatures, that creates it. Does there exist a generous or noble mind that has not felt this pas-

sion? No, not one! there is, indeed, something generous and ennobling in it. We cannot prefer the welfare of another to our own, nor be completely absorbed in another's being, with the devotedness of true love, without becoming purified in our ideas, and raised from that disgusting selfishness which is ever the inspirer of base and mean actions.

Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven,  
A spark of that immortal fire,  
With angels shared, by Alla given,  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But Heaven itself descends in love.

And from this heavenly, this inspiring feeling, shall my unfortunate client be debarred? Hear me, ye shades of heroic lovers, who, though dying for the hopeless object of your passion, have still exclaimed, with the enthusiastic devotion of a modern poet—

Lead on, lead on, though horrors wait  
In awful fury round thy gate!  
And danger, death, and grim despair,  
Forbid my hopeless passage there!  
If love, still smiling, beckon on,  
The path is passed, the gate is won!

And ye poets and philosophers, who have painted love as the oasis of the Desert, the green spot in memory's waste, where affection still lingers even when hope decays; have you no compassion for my unhappy client, whose only fault was 'that she was beautiful, and he not blind?' And is this an offence for which a man deserves to be burnt alive? Forbid it, humanity! forbid it, mercy! No, no! such inhuman cruelty exists not in the breasts of Englishmen. I know, I feel that you must acquit my client on this head. But this is not the only charge brought against him; he is accused of having violated the sanctity of a royal palace, by drawing his sword within its precincts. To describe the enormity of this crime, my learned friend has brought forward such an overwhelming torrent of eloquence, that unhappily his meaning was swept away in the current of his words. At least I suppose so, as, with all my industry, I have been totally unable to find it. As, however, I cannot imagine my learned friend could have harangued so long without having some meaning in what he said, I suppose it has slipped undiscovered into some

sly corner, where it lies, poor thing ! quite concealed, and almost crushed to death by the ponderous weight of metaphors heaped upon it. Gentlemen, my client drew his sword in the Royal Garden. This is the plain statement of the fact, when stripped of the load of ornaments with which my learned friend has encumbered it. My client, a stranger to the English laws and customs, chanced to be walking in the public garden belonging to a Royal palace. He there met a nobleman of the court ; from causes irrelevant to the question before us, high words took place between them. My client was grossly insulted in a manner impossible to be borne by a man calling himself a gentleman, or making the least pretensions to honour. He drew his sword to defend himself. Can any thing be more simple ? And yet for this, all created nature is thrown into confusion, and Neptune and Pluto called shivering from their beds. Gentlemen, my learned friend's brain was teeming with a monstrous conception, and longing to be delivered ; he dragged it into the speech with which we have just been favoured. Not satisfied with piercing us

through with the fangs of a mental arrow; plunging us into all the disasters of war, and distracting our imaginations by exhibiting the combined effects of plague, pestilence, and famine—he has entangled, in his snares, these unfortunate deities, whom he has forced to upper earth to bear witness on his behalf, I am afraid, very much against their wills. Nothing, indeed, can be more distressing than to see an unfortunate thought thus hunted through the meandering of a sentence; a crowd of unmeaning words, like a pack of hungry dogs pressing close at its back, till at last worn out and completely exhausted, it sinks feebly away, and gives up the ghost so quietly, that no one can reasonably imagine what can possibly have become of it.

“ Thus it was with the argument of my learned friend, it has vanished amidst the bustle he created around it. One thing more, my Lord and Gentlemen, and I have done; for I shall not, like my learned friend, after disclaiming all intentions of appealing to your feelings, endeavour by an artful peroration to come home to your inmost souls. It is simply this, that my



client is a stranger, the son of a powerful foreign monarch, and, of course, as he has never taken any oath of allegiance to the English government, he is not amenable to the English laws. After stating this fact, I sit down, confidently assured that your verdict will be in my favour, and that, by it, you will again vindicate that proud right you have so long and gloriously maintained of acting always as enlightened and free-born Englishmen."

As the orator sat down, a tumult of applause rang through the hall, and the delight of Lord Maysworth can be only justly appreciated by an author who recollects what he felt when he first heard of the success of a favourite work. But he had little time for exultation, as the Judge, having been wound up in his turn, now began to sum up the evidence. Slowly and heavily did he go on, the machinery that composed him wanting oil, and creaking ominously as it moved, whilst, ere he had half finished, a cry was heard through the outer court, and instantly a rush of people announced the arrival of the Queen.

After the exertions made by Elvira the pre-

vious day, her fever returned, and she lay insensible to every thing that passed till she was restored to recollection by the tolling of a deep-toned bell, which was always set in motion the moment a prisoner was put upon his defence. She heard the solemn sound distinctly; the court where state criminals were tried, adjoined the palace, in order that the Queen might have an opportunity of hearing appeals, or deciding on any difficult case that might arise; though as offences against the state had been very rare in the female dynasty, (whether from the goodness of the people or the severity of the punishment, I leave it for my readers to determine,) the privilege had been seldom called in action, and the bell now grated harshly as it tolled. Elvira, however, had heard of the custom, and its cause flashed instantly upon her mind, as she started from her bed, and listened to the solemn sound as it fell slowly and heavily upon her ear, every knell seeming to strike upon the naked nerve.

“Emma!” cried she, “let me go—quick, let me save him, or I shall be too late.” Emma obeyed; but whilst she was attiring her mistress

every moment seemed an age, and Elvira listened to the heavy tolling bell till the sense of hearing became agony; and, unable to endure any more, she pressed her hands firmly against her ears to shut out the dreaded sound. At length she was ready, and hurrying to the court, arrived just at the critical moment I have mentioned.

“Stop!” cried she, “I command you to stop proceedings. The prisoner is free. My people have given me a right to pardon all offences, and I thus first exercise it. Set him free!”

The guards obeyed; and it not being possible to stop the automaton judge till he had run down, he was carried out of court, repeating, (for it happened he was summing up the evidence at that moment,) “And the Queen said she loved him, and would sacrifice even her life for his sake.”

“You are free, Sir,” said Elvira to the prince. “I only blush that a stranger should have been so inhospitably treated in my court. My illness, however, must plead my excuse; and I can only now show my sorrow by releasing you from the parole of honour you have given.

You are absolutely free, prince, not only from these chains, but also to leave the kingdom whenever you shall think fit."

The prince, in a transport of gratitude, knelt and kissed her hand ; and then retired with his friends to the house of Lord Maysworth ; whilst Elvira, satisfied with herself, and hoping she had disarmed scandal by desiring the prince to quit the kingdom, returned to her palace more happy than she had before felt since the fatal combat in the garden.

## CHAPTER V.

THE effect produced by the scene just described upon the minds of the multitude was magical. It seemed a confirmation "strong as proofs of holy writ" of all that had been urged against the Queen, and alienated from her side even those who had remained neutral.

"I really could not have believed it possible," said the Duke of Essex, as he retired slowly from the court.

"Thinking as I think, and as I am confident every one else must think," said Lord Gustavus, "she seems to have lost all sense even of common decency."

"What do you say to this, Sir Ambrose?" asked Dr. Hardman triumphantly.

"Nothing," replied Sir Ambrose, sighing.



“Then the case is hopeless,” said the Duke of Essex; “for I know Sir Ambrose so well, that I am certain if a single word could be said in the Queen’s behalf, he would not remain silent.”

“Your grace judges me too favourably,” returned Sir Ambrose; “for there is, on the contrary, much to be said for the Queen, if I had been disposed to say it. You see the story of her wishing to marry Ferdinand was evidently false, for she desired him in plain terms to quit the kingdom.”

“A mere blind,” cried Lord Gustavus, who felt he had now gone too far to recede; “an absolute farce; and I am only astonished a man of your penetration, Sir Ambrose, could have been deceived by it.”

“It has long been the proudest boast of the English law,” said Sir Ambrose, “that every one is presumed innocent till he be proved guilty; and I confess I do not see why the Queen should alone be made an exception to the rule.”

Lord Gustavus made no reply, and the party proceeded to their several homes. The follow-

ing day was appointed for the trial of Lord Edmund, and the court was, if possible, yet more crowded than before; for the singular termination of Prince Ferdinand's trial had created the most intense anxiety upon the part of the mob to know what would be the result of that of Lord Edmund. It has been already stated that he was the idol of the people, and now thousands of human voices shouted his praises to the sky, and heaped curses and execrations upon his enemies.

The tumult, however, was hushed to breathless expectation when it was announced that the officers of justice were gone in search of the prisoner; and innumerable human beings stood craning their necks over the lane made for his approach through the crowd, all eager to catch the first glimpse of him. But what language can express their disappointment and surprise when they saw the officers return, pale and trembling, fear painted upon their countenances, and their teeth chattering in their heads!

“He is gone,” they cried: “the prison door was locked, and the windows fast, but he is

gone; and doubtless some evil spirit has carried him off."

Great was the consternation excited by this unexpected news; every one rushed to the prison, and each in turn was struck with horror on finding it exactly in the state the officers had described.—"It is the Mummy that has done this," said the people, whispering amongst themselves: "some horrible event certainly hangs over us; and it is in vain to attempt to resist our destiny! All is supernatural, and we are merely blind instruments in the hands of Fate."

The disappearance of Lord Edmund had, however, nothing supernatural in it; and, indeed was effected by very simple means, and mere mortal agents. The agitation of his mind after his interview with Cheops became excessive, and every hour seemed stretched to an unnatural length as he anxiously awaited Father Morris's return; but the monk came not. Lord Edmund's impatience increased every instant, till it became absolute agony; yet still he was alone. He paced his chamber with uncertain steps—his brain burning with

incipient madness, till, no longer knowing what he did, he dashed his head against the walls, and tore off his hair by handfuls. In this state the gaoler found him; and reporting his condition, his trial, which was to have taken place previously to that of Ferdinand, was postponed a few days to allow time for his recovery.

Bleeding and blistering reduced Lord Edmund's fever; but his soul was still on fire. In the paroxysms of his disorder, no less than in his lucid intervals, one sole idea seemed to have taken possession of his fancy; and he inquired incessantly if Father Morris were returned? No, no, was the continual answer to his queries; till the heart of the poor prisoner sickened within him at the sound. At length, he appeared well enough to take his trial, and the day was fixed, as we have already stated. The mind of Edmund now seemed tolerably composed; but it was the stillness of apathy, rather than that of resignation; and on the night preceding the day fixed for his trial, some of his former anxious and tormenting fantasies returned.

"I will shake off this weakness," said he;

“ I will read ;” and, drawing his chair near the fire, he took up a book : it was in vain, however ; for though he read over the same page repeatedly, he could not compose his mind sufficiently to comprehend its meaning. He threw his book aside, and, fixing his eyes upon the fire, was soon lost in gloomy meditations : when a slight noise attracted his attention ; and, looking round, he saw a panel in the wall slowly detach itself, and Father Morris appear in the aperture, followed by another figure, closely wrapped in a large black cloak.

“ Father Morris !” cried Edmund ; “ is it indeed Father Morris ; or some kind spirit that has assumed his shape ?”

“ It is indeed I, my son !” returned the priest ; “ and I come to rescue and console you.”

“ Methinks you come somewhat late, father,” said Edmund, rather coldly ; “ for I have suffered much since I saw you !”

“ Others have suffered also,” resumed the monk, “ and for your sake ! Notwithstanding you have fancied yourself neglected and forgotten by all the world, there is one human



being who has never ceased to watch over you ; who thinks only of you ; who makes your happiness her only care ; and who would sacrifice her life to preserve your's !”

Edmund's heart beat, and his cheeks glowed as he exclaimed, “ And this kind friend is—”

“ Now before you !” interrupted the monk ; tearing aside the cloak that shrouded his companion, and discovering Rosabella !

“ Rosabella !” exclaimed Edmund ; a slight shade of disappointment passing over his features.

“ Oh Edmund !” cried Rosabella, throwing herself at his feet, “ can you forget that I have overstepped the bounds prescribed to my sex : will you not hate me ?”

“ I do not blame you. I were unworthy of the name of man if I could. But father, what says Elvira ? Have you delivered the chain ?”

“ She refuses either to see or hear from you.”

“ Cruel woman ! But perhaps she dreads to see me ?”

“ I know not ; but she treated your petition with contempt. ‘ Tell him,’ said she, ‘ it

is not possible he can have aught to say that can interest me. I will not hear his suit.’”

“Proud, haughty princess! But was this all?”

“No: I again entreated her to see you, when she turned from me in scorn, and bade me leave her. ‘Talk not to me of Edmund,’ cried she, with a look of ineffable contempt. ‘Has he not wounded Ferdinand, and would you have me forgive him?—a thousand deaths are not sufficient to punish such a crime!’”

“What strange infatuation!”

“Strange, indeed—for she has interrupted his trial and set him free; besides which, they say she has actually offered her hand and he has refused it; yet still she dotes upon him to distraction. ‘Go,’ continued she, when I had finished all I had to say, ‘and tell Edmund, that I neither hate nor despise him; for he is incapable of exciting any emotion in my breast; however, if he wishes to make amends for his past conduct, and be restored to my favour, his first step must be, humbly to beg pardon of the prince.’”

“Damnation!” cried Edmund, starting up

fiercely: “she did not, surely she could not, say that?”

“Indeed she did, my lord.”

“Then may ten thousand curses light upon me if I forgive her! Pardon of that wretch! my slave! my prisoner! no, sooner would I expire in horrid torments—sooner be torn asunder by wild beasts.—Pardon of that boy!—oh! she could not mean it.”

Whilst Edmund thus raved, Father Morris and Rosabella watched his torments with much of the same coolness, as a French philosopher would those of an unfortunate animal upon which he was trying experiments. No feeling of compassion entered their souls, and they only waited to see the effect their words would produce. It may easily be perceived that the whole scene which Father Morris related as having passed between him and Elvira, was a fabrication; but Lord Edmund saw not this, for jealousy often throws a veil over the eyes of its victims, which gives a delusive colouring to every thing they see. Thus, Lord Edmund believed every word the father uttered, and his whole frame trembled with agitation as he paced the room

with hasty strides. At last, he threw himself upon a chair—"Beg his pardon!" exclaimed he: "Oh Elvira! Elvira!" and he hid his face in his hands, whilst the big tears trickled through his fingers, and Lord Edmund, the stern, courageous soldier, the philosopher, the hero, and the statesman, wept, actually wept, like a feeble child.

"Oh Edmund!" exclaimed Rosabella, approaching him, and taking his hand—"I cannot bear to see you in distress. Would to Heaven that by the sacrifice even of my life I could relieve you!"

"Rosabella, you will drive me to distraction."

"Not for worlds, Edmund; on the contrary, were I mistress of worlds, I would cast them at your feet."

"I know it—I know it; but spare me now."

"Spare you, Edmund! Spare what? spare my reproaches, mean you? Alas! you need not fear them. Am I not devoted to you? Is it not for your sake that I have thus passed the boundaries of my sex? Are you disgusted with

my boldness? But no: you will surely forgive me, for my only motive has been to save you, and my only hope of happiness is bound up in yours."

"Rosabella!" repeated Edmund, "I believe that you love me."

"Love you! Oh heavens! can you doubt my love?"

"I do not doubt it, and this last action proves it more than words. I have long done you injustice; can you forgive me, Rosabella?"

"Oh Edmund!" exclaimed the princess, whilst her full heart heaved almost to bursting and the tears streamed down her face.

"I have been the victim of infatuation," continued Edmund; "I have loved a false, ungrateful woman, who has betrayed me. But I see my folly; and if tears of penitence shed at your feet can earn my pardon—if you will accept a broken, bleeding heart—"

"Oh Edmund!" interrupted Rosabella, throwing herself into his arms, "say no more—I am yours — yours for ever — your devoted slave—"

"Not my slave, Rosabella," said Edmund,



gently disengaging her from him, and placing her upon a chair, "but my wife, my beloved wife."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Rosabella, "Edmund's wife! am I indeed so blest? Oh no! surely it is a dream, a fond delusive dream! You cannot surely be serious."

"Is this a moment for jest?" asked Edmund calmly.

"It certainly is not," said Father Morris, whose agitation had been nearly equal to their own, and who had stood gazing upon them with looks of the fondest affection. "We must immediately escape, or it will be too late; it wants but two hours of daybreak, and, with the dawn, Lord Edmund's trial will commence."

"True, true!" cried Rosabella, "I had forgotten. Dearest Edmund, you must condescend to fly, or your precious life will be sacrificed."

"But how shall I escape?"

"Through this panel. A balloon waits at a little distance, and this cloak will conceal your person from observation."

"Dear Rosabella!"

"Come, come," cried Father Morris, "we

have no time to lose. Though Ferdinand was acquitted you must fall, for the state requires a victim."

Lord Edmund waited for no more; the name of Ferdinand was torture to him; and, hastily disencumbering himself of his chains, he followed the father and Rosabella from the prison. He sighed, however, and looked back for a moment with regret ere he quitted the outer walls, for he thought of Elvira. Rosabella's quick ear caught the sigh and her subtle spirit divined its meaning; but this was not a moment to complain, and stepping into their balloon they were soon out of sight of London. They proceeded to a palace of Rosabella's, a few miles out of town, and there, the following day, Edmund became her husband.

In the mean time, the excessive agitation Elvira experienced on the day of Prince Ferdinand's trial brought on a return of her fever, and it was several weeks ere she was sufficiently recovered to leave her bed. When she did so, however, she was really shocked at the state in which she found her kingdom. When she first began to reign, carried away by the enthusiasm

of the moment, she had taken too much of the executive part of the government upon herself; and as her illness had been too sudden to allow her to appoint a regency, no one knew who ought to supply her place. All therefore was confusion and disorder, and Elvira shrunk disgusted from the chaos before her. She had now no Edmund to smooth the way for her, and the native energy of her mind was gone. Pale, heart-broken, and dispirited, she felt languid and incapable of the slightest exertion. What had formerly been a pleasure, was now become an overwhelming burthen, and the weight of life seemed insupportable.

She was now weary also of the fatigue necessary to carry on the plans she had projected for the benefit of her people. At first, when all seemed new and delightful, she had devoted herself entirely to their interests: she had denied herself even the most trifling pleasures, and scarcely allowed herself the time absolutely necessary for food and rest. This was all very well, whilst her plans had the charm of novelty, and were supported by passion. But now that

novelty had worn off, and they had assumed the dull wearisome appearance of duties—when repeated disappointments had extinguished almost the hope of success, and when she found her people expected, nay, demanded as a right, that which she had originally granted them only as an especial mark of favour, she discovered, though too late, the folly of the toil she had imposed upon herself.

She now also discovered that improvement to be effectual must be slow : that people don't like to be forced out of old habits, till they have seen the effect of new ones proved by experience, and that nothing is so difficult as to improve people against their wills. Increase the resources of a country, throw money into the hands of the middling and lower classes, and they will improve themselves ; but, at least, nine-tenths of a population will never suffer themselves to be improved. Those only who have attempted this thankless and painful office can fully estimate the sufferings of the unfortunate Elvira, who, disappointed in all she undertook, found life become tasteless and in-

insipid, and was completely wretched,—though surrounded by all the gifts of beauty, power, and fortune.

Every thing seemed to conspire to increase her misery. Those whom she raised from indigence to affluence treated her with the most provoking insolence and discontent. A plan which had been opposed by the lords Gustavus de Montfort and Maysworth, and which she had persisted in having tried, had completely failed, and the noble Lords had triumphed in the most provoking manner in her disappointment. In short, every thing went wrong; and Elvira, disgusted with the world, felt mortified and disgusted with herself.

“How hard it is,” thought she, frequently, as she tossed upon her sleepless couch, “that I who, since my accession to the throne, have devoted myself entirely to the interests of my subjects, should be thus wretched; whilst tyrants, who live but to oppress, sleep quietly upon their beds of down. Alas! why cannot I be as they are? Why cannot I divest myself of reflection, and enjoy the pleasures that surround me? But what pleasures can I enjoy?”



alas! the world presents nothing that can interest me ; an insipid vacuum spreads through creation ; my heart is cold and desolate ; my affections are thrown back upon myself, and I am miserable."

Thus raved Elvira, and, absorbed in painful meditations, she neglected the duties of her station, and resigned herself to despair, whilst the people, attributing her evident wretchedness to her grief for the absence of Prince Ferdinand, who had left London immediately after his trial, and had not since been heard of, became every hour more and more discontented with their Queen.

In the mean time, the marriage of Lord Edmund, though not openly avowed, was generally suspected ; and the party of Rosabella gained strength every day, whilst mysterious rumours were whispered from mouth to mouth, and divers hints given that many knew more than they chose to say ; though from the immense number of these mystery-mongers it seemed, as in the celebrated scene in the Barber of Seville, that every one was in the secret, though nobody was to divulge it. The listlessness of

Elvira soon produced the most serious effects. A kingdom without a government, or rather a government without a chief, cannot long go on well. It is like a ship at sea without a pilot, and it must founder upon the first rock that impedes its course.

When the vigour of government is from any cause relaxed, there are always plenty of persons ready to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them to commit evil with impunity; and crimes of every description multiplied so fast under the negligent sway of Elvira, that the people became clamorous in their complaints. But to whom could they address themselves? The Queen was rarely visible—Lord Edmund was gone, and the lords of the council were too busy *talking* about the interests of the people to think of *really attending* to them; whilst the duke and Sir Ambrose seemed too old to be likely to trouble themselves by intermeddling with an affair of state. To them, however, the people looked as a dernier resort; and as it seemed indelicate to apply to the duke when the person they complained of was his own daughter, they entreated

Sir Ambrose to present a petition to the Queen in their behalf.

The worthy baronet acceded to their request, and though almost bent to the earth by age and misery, prepared once more to appear at court. The loss of his beloved Edmund had affected the old man deeply: he considered his flight before trial as a confession of guilt, and the thought of disgrace weighed down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. The distress of the people, however, roused him from the apathy into which he was fast falling; and when he waited upon the Queen, it was with all the energy of his former years.

The Queen received him sullenly. "I cannot help it Sir Ambrose," said she; "I am sorry for my people, but I cannot do any thing to relieve them. I feel that I am fast sinking into the tomb; do not then disturb my last moments by fruitless solicitations."

"Last moments!" cried Sir Ambrose, indignantly; "rally your energies, and you may live half a century. You give way to a morbid sensibility that oppresses you; and, because some of your hopes have been disappointed,

you shrink from the duties that you have imposed upon yourself, and talk of your last moments. Shame ! shame ! Elvira ! rouse yourself from this lethargy, and be indeed a Queen. Remember, that though Nature has ordinarily denied your sex the power of triumphing in the field, she has yet left a far greater conquest for you to achieve—the conquest of yourself ; for it is far more glorious to subdue the wayward desires of the human heart, than to lead scores of monarchs captives in your chains. Struggle then with your feelings : conquer those fatal passions that threaten to destroy you ; show yourself worthy of your crown, and be again the Elvira for whom even in her childhood, I anticipated greatness.”

“ It is too late,” interrupted the Queen impatiently—“ it is now too late. Urge me no more, Sir Ambrose, or you will drive me to despair.”

Sir Ambrose was provoked at her obstinacy, and a pause ensued, which was broken by a tumultuous noise and shouting. It was the people at the gates of the palace, who, impatient at the length of Sir Ambrose’s stay, were now becoming clamorous for an answer.

“What shall I say to them?” asked the baronet.

“Tell them I deny their suit!” replied the Queen. “Away, away, away! I would be quiet; go without reply; I will hear no more; I will not be tormented:” and waving her hand for him to depart, she hurried to her chamber. Finding there was no alternative, Sir Ambrose was compelled to appear before the people and acquaint them with the will of their Sovereign. The tumult became more violent as he spoke. An English mob is proverbially impetuous; and now their rage rose beyond control. “The Queen! the Queen!” they shouted; “we will see the Queen!” The crowd increased every moment—the multitude heaved in tremendous waves like the rolling billows of the sea, and the hum of thousands of human voices filled the air. They threatened to storm the palace. A man in complete armour, his face entirely concealed by his vizor, headed their attempts; the outer gates were forced, and the throng rushed tumultuously into the court of the palace.

All there was confusion: soldiers might have been summoned, and the place defended; but



there was no one to give orders ; and the servants ran to and fro in the greatest possible distress, without knowing either where they were going, or what they intended doing. In the midst of this bustle, Elvira sate burying her face in her hands, and obstinately refusing to take the slightest interest in the scene. The door opened violently, and Sir Ambrose and some of her principal servants rushed in. "For God's sake, save yourself!" cried they. "If your Majesty were safe, we care not for ourselves."

"Fly!" cried Sir Ambrose, throwing himself upon his knees before her, his white hair streaming almost to the ground ; "for God's sake, fly !" It was too late, however, then, had the Queen been disposed to obey him ; for, as he spoke, the outer door burst open with tremendous violence ; the palace seemed to shake to its foundation with the shock ; and in an instant the chamber was filled by the infuriated populace.

"Seize the Queen, but do not injure her !" cried a voice that thrilled through every nerve of Sir Ambrose. "Spare the old man ; do not

hurt a hair of his head." Sir Ambrose looked up; the voice came from the man in armour; but it was the voice of Edmund. A crowd of overwhelming thoughts rushed through his mind, and, overpowered by their weight, he sank senseless upon the ground. "Take him away!" cried Edmund; (for it was indeed he;) "take him away! but see that ye hurt him not: he dies that injures him."

"Edmund!" cried Elvira, struck also by his voice—

"To prison with her!" exclaimed he.

"To prison, Edmund! do you doom your Queen to prison? Is it thus you treat your Sovereign?"

"I own no Sovereign here but Rosabella."

"But, by what right can she be called your Sovereign?"

"By that which made you Queen. The people's voice. It lies with them to crown or to dethrone!"

"Oh Edmund! mercy!"

"Away with her! I'll hear no more."

The guards seized upon the unfortunate Queen, and, in spite of her entreaties, hurried

her away. Edmund did not trust himself to look at her. For a moment he hid his face in his hands; then rousing himself, he exclaimed, "Now to proclaim the Queen!" The people followed him with shouts of applause, and before evening Edmund and Rosabella were unanimously acknowledged as King and Queen of England.

## CHAPTER VI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the able manner in which the revolution had been effected, England was still in a state of tumult. Though the army had been seduced by the example of Edmund, and the people had been obliged to submit, they were by no means perfectly satisfied with their new government; and Rosabella found, too late, that though the throne might be compared to a bed of roses, it was not without its thorns. The discontented nobles who had aided her cause were also extremely displeased by what they called the trifling value of the rewards bestowed upon them; though, in fact, they rated their services so high, that Rosabella found her whole kingdom did not possess the power of repaying them to their satisfaction.

It was also a considerable grievance of these haughty nobles, to see Prince Ferdinand return to the English Court immediately after the dethronement of Elvira, and be received with open arms by Rosabella, who, with the anxiety to conciliate the friendship of foreign powers, usually displayed by those whose thrones feel far from secure at home, loaded him with favours, and even gave him a post of honour in the command of her own body-guard.

Whilst the unreasonableness of her people thus embittered Rosabella's political life, her domestic happiness seemed to rest upon a yet more unstable foundation. She knew that though she possessed Edmund's hand, his heart was still devoted to Elvira; and jealousy made her view all his actions in a distorted light. If he were sad, she was sure he was thinking of her rival; and if gay, she fancied it a masque put on only to deceive her. She was thus completely miserable, and Edmund was as wretched as herself. He felt that he had sacrificed himself to revenge, and sold his peace for a bauble, which, when obtained, did not seem worth the trouble of possessing. His father too—Sir



Ambrose, his doating father, was now entirely estranged from him, as he repeatedly declared he would never forgive a traitor, who could forget his oath of allegiance for his own aggrandizement.

“No!” exclaimed the old man, “I loved, I doted upon Edmund; but the Edmund I loved is vanished. My darling son was brave and noble, not a deceptive scoundrel. No, no, my old heart may break—nay, I hope it will—but never whilst I live shall a deceitful traitor be pressed against this breast.”

Edmund was inconsolable; he passionately loved his father, and could not bear his anger; besides, he felt that the reproaches of the old man were seconded by those of his own heart. It is painful at any time to bear the censures of the world, but they fall with double weight when we know that they are deserved. Edmund was dissatisfied with himself, and, consequently, disposed to quarrel with the world. He fancied it looked coldly upon him, and, in return, he affected to despise it. A hundred times a day he repeated that he was perfectly indifferent to every thing that was said of him;

whilst his nervous anxiety to peruse the newspapers, and make himself perfectly acquainted with every popular rumour, proved that he was only too sensible to every word that was uttered. Edmund had made the mob his idol, he could not live without its applauses, and wretched indeed are those who thus depend on others for their hopes of happiness.

Edmund's disgust at his new rank and situation was soon still farther increased by a visit from Lord Gustavus, who, with several other lords, was deputed to present to his Majesty the complaints of the Commons. They wanted to be enfranchised, they desired innumerable rights and privileges, and in fact they wanted to be all kings; for if half that they demanded had been granted, Edmund must have made them more powerful than himself. He pointed this out to Lord Gustavus, and condescended to reason with him upon the folly of their desires.

“Impossible!” cried Lord Gustavus. “Your Majesty must excuse me but I cannot listen to such arguments; I came here to defend the liberties of the people. Reform is necessary—

without reform, nothing can go on well. Evils must be torn up root and branch."

"Are not my subjects healthy, wealthy, and prosperous?" asked Edmund. "Have they not been successful at home and abroad? Do not the English peasants live as well as most foreign princes, and what more can they require?"

"Liberty, Sire," returned Lord Gustavus. "What are all these pretended advantages without liberty? mere toys; gaudy apples, but rotten at the core. Of what use, indeed, are all the blessings of life, without liberty to give them zest, and radical reform to purge them of all impurities?"

"But listen to reason."

"Reason! Thinking as I think, and as I am sure every rational being must think, your Majesty must forgive me if I assert, that even Reason herself does not deserve to be attended to, when she is basely enlisted upon the side of Tyranny."

"Nay, then," said Edmund, "it is useless to attempt to argue with you. I thought you had made Reason your goddess; but if you worship

her only as long as it suits your own purposes, I have done. You may retire. I shall take the petition into consideration, and give it an answer when I may think fit."

Edmund, who, from being degraded and debased in his own opinion, no longer possessed that confidence in himself that carried conviction with all he said, had yet sufficient dignity in his manner to awe those to silence who dared to dispute his commands; and Lord Gustavus and his colleagues, not presuming to make farther remonstrance, retired in dudgeon. This incident contributed to sicken Edmund of reigning: he became disgusted with his Queen, his court, his kingdom, and his country, and, secluding himself as much as possible from public life, left the care of managing the affairs of state to Rosabella and Father Morris, who now throwing off the disguise he so long had worn, appeared openly as the dispenser of her favours, and the arbiter of her actions.

The spirit of poor Sir Ambrose was quite broken by these misfortunes. The defection of his son, and the ingratitude of his confessor, stung him to the core. He retired again to the

country, where with his friend the duke, Clara, and Father Murphy, he contrived to exist, though but the shadow of his former self. The duke was also grievously changed, and it was melancholy to see these two poor old men wandering about their splendid gardens and magnificent palaces like roaming ghosts, permitted to revisit for a time the scenes of their departed happiness. Clara now became the sole stay that bound these old men to life. Her character had developed itself wonderfully in the midst of the striking events she had witnessed. Firm, courageous, and enterprising, though still gentle—the lively girl seemed changed into the intelligent woman, whose active mind and comprehensive spirit foresaw every thing and provided against every emergency. Clara was still young; but her spirit was mature beyond her years, and her attention to the duke and Sir Ambrose was unremitting.

“Well!” would they often say, “though we have lost much, we ought still to be thankful that Clara is spared to us:” and then with tears trickling down their aged cheeks, they would join in imploring Heaven to shower down



blessings upon her head. In the mean time, however, Clara herself was far from happy. She would, it is true, exert herself to appear cheerful, but it was evident it was an exertion ; and often, when the duke and Sir Ambrose had seated themselves at a party at chess, she would steal out unobserved and retire to a little pavilion in the garden, near what were formerly the apartments of Father Morris, as being the most secluded spot she could find ; this part of the mansion having been carefully shut up and avoided by every human being, since the departure of the priest, as infectious ; the indignation the worthy and attached servants of Sir Ambrose felt towards Father Morris for his desertion of their master, being extended even to the rooms he had occupied.

In this secluded spot Clara often sate for hours, lost in meditation, her head resting upon her hand, and her eyes fixed in vacancy. Winter had now given place to spring, and all nature seemed to revive with that gay and joyous season. The heart of Clara, however, was still lonely ; she fancied it could enjoy no second summer ; and she felt almost disposed to quarrel

with all around her for displaying a gaiety in which she could not participate. Nothing makes a broken heart feel more gloomy than to see all other objects look gay. It turns from them in disgust, and feels its own misery doubled by the sight of their happiness.

One evening as Clara was sitting absorbed in melancholy reflections, she was startled by hearing a deep-drawn sigh heaved heavily behind her. She turned, and fancied she could distinguish a figure in the midst of the twilight;—but, magnified by the obscurity, the figure seemed of gigantic proportions. Uttering a faint scream, she attempted to fly—when a hand of iron grasped her arm, and arrested her progress. An icy chill shot to her heart, whilst the well-remembered voice of Cheops sounded in her ears.

“Clara,” said he, in his deep sepulchral tone, “would you save your Queen?”

“With the sacrifice of my life, if necessary,” replied Clara firmly.

“Clara,” continued the Mummy, “I have marked you attentively,—and as I do not know

any individual possessing more strength of mind and personal courage than yourself, I have fixed upon you to be my assistant in this enterprize. The life of Elvira is in danger; and even my influence cannot much longer save her, if she remain in the power of Father Morris. Besides, the lesson she has already had, has been sufficiently severe. I will aid her to escape, and you must assist me. You shall go to Ireland; and there, if the warlike Roderick be not deaf to the cry of beauty in distress, through his aid Elvira may hope redress,—at least, she must implore his help.—Rosabella is now at a palace near this, and she has brought her rival in her train; for, with the usual jealousy and suspicion of tyrants and usurpers, she scarcely dares to trust her from her sight. Besides this, her diabolical revenge is gratified in making Elvira wait humbly near her throne, and serve in those palaces where she once commanded. Moved by this ungenerous conduct, and the patience with which the unhappy Elvira bears her sufferings, the nobles and people of the realm begin to pity her: and when they are disgusted with the haughtiness and intolerance of Rosa-

bella, they sigh for the return of the gentle Elvira. Father Morris perceives this, and determining to rid Rosabella of her rival, the fair Elvira fades beneath his arts, like a flower withering on its stem."

"She must be saved!" said Clara, with enthusiasm; "she *shall* be saved!—Point out the means, and I am devoted to her service."

"You must assume these weeds, and follow me," said Cheops, pointing to a bundle in a corner of the pavilion, which Clara had not before noticed. "In half an hour I will return for you."

"And my sudden disappearance," rejoined Clara, "will it not excite suspicion?"

"The river is deep and rapid," returned Cheops; "some of your clothes left upon its banks—"

"I comprehend," cried Clara eagerly; "but the poor old duke, and Sir Ambrose?"—

"Their anxiety and distress may be great, but cannot be lasting: the feelings of age are blunt, and—"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Clara, "you are de-

ceived ;—nay, I think that age feels grief more acutely than youth. The mind has lost its elasticity—hope is dead within it, and the old brood over their secret sorrow till they destroy their—”

“ By Osiris! thou art a most extraordinary girl,” said Cheops; “ the old do brood over grief, but why say this to me? Do I not know it well—too well?” continued he, looking at her earnestly. Clara turned pale, and trembled—he saw her agitation; and, hastily averting his eyes, continued in a calmer tone,—“ Whatever the sufferings of the old men may be for the moment, I suppose even you will allow the life of Elvira more than counterbalances them;—and, by inflicting this temporary pain, you will save them from the more lasting agony they would endure from her death: for Father Morris is so subtle, that it would be dangerous to give them the slightest hint of our intention, lest he should worm it from them. Be ready then, Clara; resign thyself to my instructions, and, above all, fear not.”

Clara bent her head in token of assent, and Cheops disappeared. Upon examining the clothes, Clara found them to be the dress of a



Greek peasant boy, numbers of whom at this period were rambling over England singing wild romances to their harps or lutes, and telling fortunes in a kind of doggrel rhyme. Exposure to the air tanned most of these wandering minstrels brown, and Clara found a bottle of liquid in the parcel to stain her face and hands. She bound up her flaxen ringlets, and, covering her head with curls of a jetty blackness, she found the metamorphosis so complete that she scarcely knew herself as she saw her figure reflected in a large mirror behind her. It was now nearly dark, but Cheops had left the necessary implements for striking a light, and Clara made her toilette without the least difficulty.

Anxious were the moments, however, that passed after her task was completed, till the arrival of Cheops; and when he did come, she saw he was attired as herself. He grasped her arm, and without speaking led her to the banks of the river. Clara shuddered as she found herself alone in the power of this mysterious being, and saw the river roll deep and dark beneath her feet. Cheops felt her shud-

der, and cried with one of his horrid laughs, which sounded fearfully amidst the stillness of the night, "What! do even *you* fear me? Is there *no* courage in this degenerate race? None? What do you fear? If you dread to trust yourself in my power, or think yourself unequal to the task you have undertaken, retire: there is yet time, and I wish no unwilling agents. Poor child!" continued he, looking at her with feeling; "thou dost not know me, but for worlds I would not harm thee!"

"I will go with you," said Clara resolutely; "I do not shrink. Let what will await me, I will not recede: though unheard-of torments may attend me, I will endure them."

"By the Holy Gods of my forefathers," cried Cheops, "she is a brave girl! Yes, Clara, I will trust thee; and though we should encounter horrors fearful as those which menace the initiati in the dread Isian mysteries, I will not doubt thy courage. A determined spirit, Clara, may subdue even Fate."

As he spoke, he threw the clothes she had brought for the purpose carelessly upon the

banks of the river ; and then again seizing her arm, he dragged her forward with such rapidity, that in an incredibly short time they approached the palace of Rosabella. The mansion looked the region of enchantment. Brilliantly illuminated, light streamed from every window ; and through the colonnade of the great hall, groups of elegantly dressed people were seen gaily moving to and fro, some dancing, and others listening to harmonious music.

Clara, though terrified and exhausted, felt still irresistibly impelled to proceed, and, still guided by her strange companion, entered, unobserved, the outer court of the palace.

“ Prince Ferdinand of Germany commands the guard to-night,” whispered Cheops, in a low, unnatural voice ; “ it is well, he shall go with us.”

“ But will he ?” asked Clara tremblingly.

“ Will he ?” returned Cheops, with his peculiar sneer : “ dost thou doubt my power, girl ?”

Clara and Cheops had now reached a place from whence, unobserved, they could survey the whole of the splendid apartment before them.

They had, in fact, entered the hali, and placed themselves in a kind of recess shaded by projecting pillars, from whence they could see every part of the saloon. Clara was astonished to find herself so easily in the presence of the Queen, for she knew not how they had attained their present situation ; and she would have spoken to ask Cheops, but he laid his finger upon his lips : and whispering—"Hippocrates was the only son of Isis and Osiris !" —she comprehended he meant that Wisdom and Knowledge produced Silence, and she did not dare to breathe a syllable.

Rosabella sate upon a splendid dais, gorgeously attired ; her black eyes flashing with added brilliancy from the deep rouge upon her cheeks ; whilst her raven hair was adorned with diamonds, and a splendid tiara of the same precious stones sparkled on her forehead ; a robe of crimson velvet, bordered with ermine, fell in graceful folds over her fine figure ; whilst her swanlike neck and snowy arms, exposed perhaps more than delicacy might strictly warrant, were also loaded with costly jewels. Around her, stood the ladies of

her court, and amongst the rest, Elvira, plainly attired in a robe of dark grey silk. No ornaments shone amongst her golden tresses, and her naturally fair complexion seemed faded to a sickly and unnatural whiteness.

The indignation of Clara could scarcely be restrained at this sight; but Cheops laying his hand upon her arm, they stood suddenly before the Queen.

“Ah! who are these?” cried Rosabella, starting. Cheops took no notice of her surprise; but, tuning his lute, began to sing.

“Loveliest Queen! oh deign to hear  
The humblest of thy suppliants’ prayer;  
Blandly on a stranger smile,  
Who has sought thy happy Isle,  
To feast his eyes upon that face,  
Where majesty combines with grace.”

“What means this mummerly?” asked Rosabella; “how came these minstrels here?”

“It is doubtless a device of the King,” returned some of her ladies, “to amuse your majesty.”

Rosabella smiled; attentions were now so rare upon the part of Edmund towards her,



that she felt gratified that it should even be supposed he wished to please her, and, addressing the minstrel more graciously, asked what brought him to England. He sung his reply :

“ Full often in my native land  
I’ve struck my lute with bolder hand ;  
But with the liberties of Greece,  
Her minstrel’s harmony must cease.  
Since Iwan with a soldier’s frown  
Hath seized and worn th’ imperial crown,  
Those hearts which spurn despotic power  
Must wander from their native bower,  
And in far distant lands must try  
The meaner arts of palmistry.  
Give then your hand, fair lady ! give,  
And let the wandering minstrel live :  
So shall he tell the varied fate  
That may that lovely form await.  
To other strains his voice is mute ;  
Broken his heart, unstrung his lute !”

“ What say you, ladies,” said Rosabella, again smiling, “ shall we hear our destiny ?”

The ladies, delighted at any thing that promised an interruption to the general gloom which hung over Rosabella’s court, gladly assented ; and, to Clara’s infinite surprise, the Mummy addressed a few doggrel verses to each.

When Elvira's turn came, Clara perceived her colour was heightened, and that she trembled excessively, yet the Mummy's verses to her were as unmeaning as to the rest. Whilst this scene was passing, the King and Father Morris approached. The former stood silent and abstracted, apparently quite unconscious of the group before him; whilst Father Morris gazed at them intently, with a satirical sneer upon his countenance, as though in thorough contempt for such folly.

“How can you endure such mummery?” said he to Rosabella, after a short pause.

“Any thing for a change,” said she, sighing. The father's dark eye glanced upon the King, and then upon Rosabella, as with a gloomy frown he stalked on. The Queen coloured, and hastily waving her hand to the minstrel, as a sign that he might depart, she turned away, and the disappointed ladies were reluctantly obliged to follow in her train. In a few minutes, however, a page returned with a chain and a purse of gold, which he gave the minstrels, and retired. Clara was upon the point of refusing her share of this bounty, but a

look from the Mummy made her sensible of her error, and she took it without uttering a syllable. Her hesitation, however, did not pass unnoticed, and she found, to her infinite horror, when they quitted the palace, that two of the Queen's servants had followed them. Clara trembled excessively, and clung tightly to the Mummy's arm for protection ; but that mysterious being still stalked on with the same indifference as before. Clara longed to give him some intimation of the danger that awaited him, but she could not speak ; the words seemed to swell in her throat and almost choke her, whilst she found herself dragged along by an irresistible influence, too powerful to admit of her even struggling against it. Inexpressible agony, however, seized her as she found herself hurried on towards the river ; and when, as they reached the brink, she beheld Cheops stamp, with almost supernatural force, upon the fragile bridge which stretched across the water, and saw the slender plank sink beneath his weight, she could bear no more, and, screaming with horror, rushed forwards to save him. A strong arm, however, pulled her back ; she felt

herself whirled round, and for the moment her senses seemed to desert her. The next instant she found she had been dragged under some bushes, and saw their pursuers rush down to the place where the broken bridge had been.

“They are gone, by Jupiter !” said one ; “I heard them fall into the water. It was a tremendous crash.”

“I heard them,” returned the other ; “they fell as heavy as lead ; and how they screamed !”

“The young one screamed,” said the first ; “but the old one groaned.”

“What does it matter,” resumed the second, “whether they screamed or groaned ? They are gone to the devil a little before their time, and so we have only to go back as we came. Between ourselves, it was nonsense to take the trouble to watch them. They were evidently only what they seemed to be ; and even Father Morris, suspicious as he is, gave us no orders about them.”

“Thy dull head cannot see,” said the first. “The father’s negligence was the very motive of my vigilance. Things are not with him as

they have been—he wants to rule the Queen with a rod of iron, and Rosabella will not endure control. Now, it struck me when I saw the youth's hesitation, that all was not right, and, I thought, if I could discover what had escaped him—”

“ I see,” said the other ; “ his lifeless trunk might have had the honour of serving as a stepping-stone to enable *you* to rise.”

“ It was possible,” returned the other, laughing ; and they retired, their voices gradually dying away till they became inaudible in the distance. Clara now perceived that the Mummy stood beside her. He did not speak, but pressed his finger upon his lips in token of silence, and for some minutes they stood fixed to the spot :—till, as the last faint echo of the servants' footsteps died away, he again seized the arm of Clara, and hurried her away towards a gloomy cave.

They stopped at the entrance ; and though the poor girl was still too much terrified to speak, yet she felt somewhat relieved by the discovery that the Mummy had evidently saved her from danger, instead of, as she feared, pre-



cipitating her into it. She still gazed with awe, however, at his strange unearthly figure, as he stood with his eyes fixed earnestly upon a star, and apparently occupied in muttering prayers addressed to it.

“ Clara !” at length said he, his deep, full voice echoing solemnly through the vaulted cave ; “ Clara !” again he repeated, whilst the blood of his terrified companion seemed to curdle in her veins at the awful sound. She, however, slowly and tremblingly advanced—he grasped her arm—she attempted to shrink back, but seemed fixed as though by magic ;—“ Hear me,” continued the Mummy, in a low, hollow tone, which appeared to rise from the tomb,—“ Elvira understood my signal, and she will soon be here ; but you must do the rest. Prince Ferdinand keeps guard to-night. Pass through this cave ; the outlet will bring you to his station. Throw yourself at his feet, and appeal to his compassion in whatever language the feelings of the moment may inspire. He will readily listen to you, for he has not forgotten your visit to him in prison, and will swear to devote himself to your service. Tell him you

accept his offers, and entreat him to convey yourself and the Queen to Ireland—where Roderick will receive and protect you. He will immediately comply ; and his being the companion of your flight, will induce the belief that you are gone to Germany, and will consequently prevent the least danger of pursuit.”

At this moment a slight figure, wrapped in a large mantle, appeared at the entrance of the cavern. “Elvira !” cried Cheops, and the stranger sprang forward. “Then I am right,” exclaimed she, whilst her whole frame trembled with agitation.

“This is your guide,” said Cheops, in his deep sepulchral tone ; “follow her and you will do well. Farewell ! but we shall meet again.” Then bending over her, he pressed his lips to her forehead, and to that of Clara.

Both shuddered at the touch of those cold marble lips, and an icy chill ran through their veins, as the fearful conviction that their companion was no earthly being thrilled in their bosoms. Even the strongest minds dread supernatural horrors, and our fair fugitives turned involuntarily away. When they looked again, the Mummy was gone, and the darkness ap-

peared so profound that they were obliged to grope their way cautiously along. Fearing alike to remain or to advance, they proceeded with trembling steps slowly along a narrow passage; their minds filled with that vague sense of danger that generally attends the want of light, when Imagination pictures terrors which do not really exist, and Fancy lends her aid to magnify those which do.

By degrees, however, the Queen and her companion became accustomed to the darkness; and as the pupils of their eyes dilated, they were enabled to discern the objects around them. Innumerable fantastic shapes, however, now appeared to flit before them, and grim giants to frown awfully from every corner of the gloomy vault they were traversing. The dim and indistinct light threw a misty veil round the projecting corners of the rocks that gave them a fearful and unnatural grandeur; whilst the fair friends, overpowered with terror, gazed timidly around, and stood a few moments not daring to advance into the darker abysses of the caverns, and yet dreading alike to remain where they were, or to return.

“We must go on,” said Elvira at length,

her voice echoing through the cave, till she started at the sound.

“Oh God!” cried Clara; “hark! a thousand mocking demons seem to repeat from every rock ‘Go on!’”

“Go on!” again rang in a thousand varied tones through the cavern.

“Let us proceed,” whispered Elvira, shuddering; “this is a fearful place!”

And they hurried on as fast as their trembling limbs could carry them, along a dark and gloomy passage, leading in the direction pointed out by the Mummy. In a few minutes, however, a bright though glimmering light appeared afar off, like a star, which, gleaming through the darkness, seemed a beacon of hope to guide them on to happiness. A slight current of air, too, now blew freshly in their faces, and their spirits rose, as with quickened steps they hastened onward in the direction from whence it appeared to proceed.

The light now seemed rapidly to enlarge, and the wind blew more freshly, whilst the Queen and her companion distinctly heard the heavy stamping of horses, which vibrated fear-

fully on the hollow ground, and grew louder and louder every moment as they advanced.

“ Ah ! what is that ? ” cried Elvira trembling, clinging closer to her companion.

“ It is the bivouack of Prince Ferdinand,” replied Clara ; “ the Mummy told me we should find him here, and that he would aid us.”

“ Ah, that fearful Mummy,” murmured Elvira softly ; “ if he should deceive us, and this should be only a plan to betray us to our enemies ? ”

“ Fear not,” said Clara ; “ come what may, we must dare the worst.”

They had now reached the outlet of the cavern, and found an opening large enough to admit of a single person. Cautiously advancing towards it, they paused for a few moments ere they descended, to gaze upon the scene below. A troop of soldiers were scattered round, in various attitudes of repose, under a small grove of trees, whilst their horses grazed at a little distance. The prince alone seemed awake, and he lay apart from his companions, stretched upon a grassy bank, a thick tree spreading above him, his head resting upon his hand,



and his eyes fixed upon the ground. The moon shone brightly, and played upon the prince's polished armour, like summer lightning dancing on a lake. His helmet was thrown aside, and his countenance looked pale and sad, whilst his frequent sighs betrayed the uneasiness of his mind.

“Let us advance,” said Clara, “and try to move him to compassion.”

Elvira complied ; and with light and timid steps, fearing almost to breathe, lest they should break the slumbers of their enemies, they approached the prince. All was still, save the hard breathing of the sleeping soldiers, and the measured champing of the horses ; their stately figures strongly relieved by the dark grey sky beyond, and their long manes and tails sweeping the ground. The prince was now listlessly tracing figures in the grass with the scabbard of his sword : he started as they approached, and hastily demanded the cause of their intrusion.

“Mercy !” cried Elvira, sinking upon her knees before him ; “mercy !” She could say no more, but gasping for breath, she stretched

out her arms imploringly, whilst every thing around seemed to swim before her eyes, and the figures of the prince, the trees, the horses, and the sleeping soldiers, appeared all dilated to gigantic magnitude. She entirely forgot the pathetic appeal she had intended making to the prince's feelings, and every faculty seemed suspended in the intenseness of her anxiety.

“For Heaven's sake, good youth,” exclaimed the prince, addressing Clara, “explain the meaning of this scene ! Why does this lovely female kneel to me, and why does she implore my mercy ?”

“Because she has no other hope, save in that and Heaven,” said Clara solemnly ; “it is the Queen.”

“Elvira !” cried the prince : then raising her eagerly, he continued—“Your Majesty may command my services ; only tell me how I can assist you.”

A few words from Clara explained the urgency of their situation ; and the prince, promising to meet them with horses in an hour, persuaded them to return to the cavern till he should join them. Heavily rolled the minutes

of this tedious hour, which seemed destined never to have an end, till the nerves of Elvira and Clara were wrought up to such a pitch of agony, that death would have appeared a blessing. At length, the prince came, bringing with him only his faithful Hans.

The sight of him was sufficient to rouse the almost fainting spirits of the Queen ; and, without speaking a single word, she and Clara hurried after their conductors, to the wood where the horses were waiting for them.

They mounted, still in perfect silence, and hurried through the most intricate paths they could find ; for, as morning dawned, they feared inevitable destruction. Before it became quite light, however, they had reached a thick wood, near the centre of which, they found a half ruined hut ; and here did the *ci-devant* Queen of England and her suite try to obtain a few hours' repose. But, alas ! sleep fled from Elvira's eyes ; she could not forget she was a fugitive in her own kingdom, flying with terror from those very people who, but a few months before, had almost worshipped her as a goddess ; and not even the exhaustion of her body could overcome

the hurry of her spirits, whilst every time she closed her eyes, and felt a soft dose creeping over her troubled senses, she started up again in horror, fancying her pursuers had overtaken her.

Consternation reigned in the palace when the flight of Elvira, and the defection of Prince Ferdinand were made known there. "She is gone to Germany !" was the universal cry, and troops were directly dispatched to all the sea-ports, whilst a whole fleet of balloons were ordered to scour the air in all directions, and arrest every aërial vehicle they should meet with, whose passengers could not give a perfectly satisfactory account of themselves. These commissions were executed to the letter, as the guards now sought by extra diligence to excuse the negligence with which they had suffered the Queen to escape ; and numerous were the wandering lovers, absconding clerks, and unfaithful wives, who were brought before the Council instead of Elvira and the German Prince, of whom, however, nothing could be heard, their measures having been taken too well to expose them to detection.

In the mean time, the hat and mantle of Clara having been found upon the banks of the river, the duke and Sir Ambrose were inconsolable ; and dispatched emissaries every where in search of her. Amongst the rest, Father Murphy and Abelard were sent to the summer palace of the Queen, to inquire if she had there been heard of. Rosabella and her Court, however, had removed to London immediately upon the flight of Elvira being discovered, and the disconsolate searchers having inquired of every one they met in vain, wandered through the gardens, restless and forlorn, till at last they found the mysterious cavern. The aspect of the place was dreary in the extreme : a few stunted shrubs grew upon the banks of a dark, dull rivulet; and Father Murphy shivered and crossed himself as he looked around.

“ Och, murther ! and this is an awful place, Mr. Abelard,” said he ; “ and I’m after thinking the sooner we get out of it the better.”

“ Ah, what is that ?” cried the butler, springing forward eagerly, and snatching at something in the bushes that looked white.

“ It is Clara’s pocket-handkerchief, poor



darling !" said the friar ; " see, here is her name worked upon it by her own pretty fingers : " and as he turned to examine it, his foot slipped, and he rolled into the water, floundering about like a huge porpoise.

" Oh dear ! oh dear !" cried Abelard, " he will certainly be drowned. Submersion in an aqueous fluid is almost always destructive of animal life, and I see little chance that he has of escape."

" Och ! and will ye let me drown while ye're talking ? " asked the indignant priest. " Before it's the good-natured thing ye'd be doing in pulling me out, will ye let me be suffocated ? "

" No, no, certainly not !" returned Abelard ; " my agony is unspeakable at your distress. I only doubt how I shall be able to raise you without a lever or pully. The application of the mechanical powers—"

" May go to the devil," cried Father Murphy, as he crawled out without assistance ; " and so you would have let me drown, whilst you were talking of the mechanical powers ? "

" Excuse me, father," returned Abelard ; " friendship is a powerful affection of the human mind ; it invigorates, it warms."

“ Does it,” said the priest, shaking himself like a water-spaniel ; “ then I should be very glad to have a little of it at present, for I am shivering with cold ; to say nothing of being so hungry that I could eat my fingers.”

“ I am surprised to hear you talk of being hungry, father,” said Abelard ; “ you are surely too fat to feel any craving for food. Fat, you know, is a kind of intermedium through which the nutritive matter extracted from the food, must pass before it is assimilated to repair the loss of the individual. It thus forms a kind of magazine to supply his wants ; and a fat man may abstain from food much longer than another, because, during this abstinence, the collected fat is rapidly re-absorbed.”

Father Murphy did not speak, but his look was sufficient, and his teeth clattering in his head afforded an ample commentary upon the text.

“ You seem cold also,” said the pedantic butler ; “ but that must be a mistake, for animal oil is universally allowed to be a bad conductor of caloric.”

“ The devil take your caloric,” cried Father

Murphy, again forgetting his holy office in his anger; “I suppose you’ll want to persuade me that I have no feeling next.”

“That is far from impossible,” replied Abelard, with the most provoking gravity; “for fat, by surrounding the extremities of the nerves, always obviates inordinate sensibility. At the same time, pray do not let me be misunderstood:—I do not say that fat people can do entirely without eating, for the indivisibility and individuality of the living body can only be maintained by an incessant change of the particles which enter into its composition; though merely part—”

“Hold, hold, for Heaven’s sake!” groaned Father Murphy.

“—Part of the animal food is reduced into chyle,” resumed Abelard; “and, as you doubtless know, another part becomes bones; in fact, the bones are merely secretory organs incrustated with phosphate of lime. The lymphatic vessels remove this salt—”

“Oh!” groaned Father Murphy, “all this is very fine, but it does not make me one whit less hungry. O that I had a broiled rump-

steak at this moment, smoking hot and swimming in gravy, with a lump of fresh butter !”

“Hark !” cried Abelard, “the vibration of the air that strikes upon the tympanum of my ears, gives intimation of the approach of some tangible object.”

“Alas ! alas !” cried the priest, “it is certainly the spirits returned, that carried away poor Clara. Poor dear girl ! that was certainly her pocket-handkerchief.”

“I despair of finding her,” said the butler.

“Despair is sinful, my son,” replied the friar ; “misfortunes are sent to try us, and we ought to bear them with resignation, and without uttering a single murmur.”

“But I thought you were even now complaining of being hungry, father ?” said Abelard with the utmost simplicity.

“True, true !” replied the priest, a little disconcerted by this remark ; “but—but—”

“It is one thing to preach, and another to practise,” resumed the butler, smiling ; “is it not, father ? However, I certainly heard a noise ; and if any one finds us here, we shall be ruined.”

“Och ! never mind that,” said Father Murphy ; “for that we are already, ye know.”

“Who have we here ?” cried some soldiers, who now descended into the cave ; and who as before-mentioned, were particularly alert in performing their duty in examining all strangers.

“And is it me ye are asking that ?” demanded Father Murphy ? “for if it is, it’s of no manner of use ; for if I were to set about telling you, it’s a hundred to one if ever ye got to the bottom of it.”

“Is it possible ?” cried one of the soldiers ; “surely my ears deceive me, or that is the voice of Father Murphy !”

“Sure and it is !” said the reverend father ; “and whose should it be but my own ? D’ye think I’d use that of another person ?”

“No, no !” returned the soldier, laughing ; “but my astonishment was, to find the owner of the voice so near me. Though, now I think of it, it is not at all surprising, as the Duke of Cornwall is at the palace hard by, and you of course are with him.”

“And how can I be with him,” asked the



literal Father Murphy, "when I am here? Now if an Irishman had said such a thing, they'd have called it a bull."

"Well, well, my good friend," said the soldier, "we will not quarrel for words. I suppose you came down with the duke?"

"And if you do, you never were more mistaken in your whole life!"

"I cannot in the least comprehend you."

"I don't know how ye should, for I hav'n't begun to explain myself yet: nor should I finish if I were to work at it all day; and so, as the duke is here, we'll just go to him, if ye please."

The duke, already miserable at the loss of Clara, had no sooner heard of the escape of his daughter, than he had determined to visit the place where she had been, principally from that restless desire of change which generally haunts the unhappy; and he was now as much surprised as the soldier to see Father Murphy there. He felt grateful, however, to the priest for his assiduous search for Clara; but as the adventure of the handkerchief rested entirely upon the father's conviction of its identity—

the handkerchief itself having been lost in the holy father's unfortunate tumble into the water—the duke considered the whole adventure as rather apocryphal. He felt, however, consoled by it, though he scarcely knew why; and returned to his friend Sir Ambrose in much better spirits than he had left him.

In the mean time, the party of Elvira did not dare to leave the hut in which they had remained pent up the whole day; their horses being crowded within its walls, as well as themselves, to prevent the possibility of discovery. At length, the shades of evening began to fall, and they again set forward at a rapid pace. The agony they had suffered all day from fear of detection—the narrow space in which they had been cooped up, together with want of food, had exhausted the Queen so much, that the morning found her unable to proceed without refreshment, and about daybreak they were obliged to approach a cottage to implore assistance.

The cottager and his son were cut at work; but the woman of the house agreed to give the fugitives the shelter they requested. The

prince, delighted at receiving this permission, flew back to the Queen to lift her from her horse ; but, alas ! Elvira was not in a state to enjoy even the most welcome tidings. Pale and livid as a corpse, her head hung upon the prince's shoulder as he bore her into the house, and her terrified friends thought she had expired. A little warm milk, however, revived her, and she opened her eyes.

"I am ready—quite ready—to go on," said she, gasping for utterance, and again sinking back in a fainting fit.

"It is impossible she can proceed in this state," said the prince to Clara, in a whisper ; "what will become of us ?"

"We must remain here quietly, till she is better," said Clara.

"But if we should be pursued and taken ?"

"We cannot die better than in such a cause," said the heroic girl.

"It is strange," said the prince, looking at her earnestly, "that the Queen has been able to inspire such enthusiastic devotion in such a mere boy."

Clara blushed, and cast her eyes upon the

ground, whilst the prince gazed upon her blushing cheeks still more earnestly, till she turned away from him abashed. He took her hand; "I cannot be mistaken," said he, "it is, it is Miss Montagu!"

Clara's agitation betrayed her. "I must attend the Queen," said she, breaking from him; and the prince, respecting the awkwardness of her situation, forbore to urge her farther: he felt, however, completely happy. Clara was too artless to conceal the interest he had excited in her breast, and it was not in the nature of man to be indifferent to the devotion of so young and lovely a creature. His eyes, however, alone expressed his happiness; and Clara, who felt his delicacy in refraining from making any farther observations on her disguise, found her love for him increased tenfold by his forbearance.

A few hours' repose restored Elvira so much, that she wished to pursue her journey immediately, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the prince persuaded her to wait till night-fall. "You must recruit your strength," said he, "or you will never be able to plead your

cause with Roderick. He is too stern a hero to be won as I was."

"Oh, it is impossible to describe how I dread to meet him," cried Elvira; "I tremble at his name. A being so fierce and stern as he is, will perhaps not even condescend to listen to a woman's prayer, and he will spurn me from him."

"Impossible!" cried the prince; "though, I own, I wish we could do without him."

Whilst the principals were thus employed, the cottager's wife was endeavouring to learn from Hans who and what they were. "That poor lady seemed dreadfully tired," said she.

"When she came, she looked just like a drooping daffadowndilly; when the gentleman lifted her from her horse—oh! it was quite moving to see her!"

"Ja!" said Hans.

"However, though her illness should occasion a little delay," continued the cottager; "I opine that you must be unreasonable to grumble, when you consider the delightful occasion it affords you of refreshing your olfactory nerves by partaking of a little of this odoriferous atmosphere."



“My what nerves?” asked Hans.

“Your olfactory nerves,” replied the learned cottager, with a look of the greatest possible contempt: “that is, the nerves that line the membrane of the nasal organ. Every child knows that the nasal fossæ are formed to receive sensations, as by their depth and extent a larger surface is given to the pituitary membrane, and these soft sinuses, or cavities, are enabled to retain a greater mass of air loaded with odoriferous matter.”

Poor Hans stood aghast at this explanation, which he found something like that said to be given by Dr. Johnson, when he called network a complicated concatenation of rectangular angles; and afraid to speak, lest he should draw upon himself a new volley of words as astounding as the last, he remained silent, staring at his companions with much the same kind of feeling as that with which a wild man of the woods just caught, might be supposed to gaze upon enlightened Europeans.

“Can you give me some more warm milk?” asked Clara, who now descended in search of refreshments for the Queen.

“Do you think so much of the tepid lacteous fluid good for the lady?” asked the cottager, as she put some milk into a saucepan.

“She can take nothing else,” returned Clara. “How delightfully that girl sings!” continued she, listening with rapture to a milk-maid, who was chanting an Italian bravura as she was milking her cow.

“Yes,” replied the cottager; “Angelica sings well. The parieties of her larynx are in a very tense condition, and her trachea is quite cartilaginous. But here comes my good man,” continued she; “he has been hard at work all day in the roads, and I am sure he must want some refreshment.”

“I do indeed feel excessive lassitude, missis,” said the cottager, as he came in; “and I want something to eat. What have ye got? Do see, will you, for it’s dreadful hard work breaking stones; most we had to-day were primitive limestone, but I found a few fine specimens of quartz. The crystals were quite rhomboidal, and I stopped at least half an hour admiring them.”

“Rock crystals are often found amongst quartz,” said his wife; “so I don’t think you

had any occasion to lose your time in admiring them, when, you know, you break stones by measure, and your wife and children are starving for want of bread."

"Do not distress yourself upon that head, my good woman," said Clara; "we have money, and our gratitude will not permit you to want any thing that we can give you."

"Thank you, thank you," cried the woman; "it's a pleasure to serve a generous gentleman like your honour."

"What a charming voice you have!" said Clara, turning away to avoid the woman's praises, and addressing herself to the milk-maid; who, having finished her task, now stepped over the stile that divided the field from the garden of the cottage, with a pail of milk upon her head, and advanced gracefully in measured steps towards them.

"I am very happy to have pleased you, Sir," replied the girl, dropping her foot into the fourth position, as she made an elegant curtsy, and then glided gracefully on.

"Stay, stay!" cried Clara; "won't you give us another song before you go?"

“ You must excuse me, Sir,” said the girl, again gracefully curtsyng; “ I am exceedingly sorry to be obliged to refuse a gentleman of your appearance; but singing requires an alternate enlargement and contraction of the glottis, an elevation and depression of the larynx, and an elongation and shortening of the neck, very difficult to be performed with a pail of milk upon one’s head.”

“ Set down the pail, then,” said Clara.

“ Indeed I can’t, Sir; for I have not a moment to spare. I just met some gentlemen of my acquaintance on the hill, and as I expect them here every moment, I must snatch an instant or two to arrange my toilette.”

“ Gentlemen of your acquaintance !” cried the mother; “ what gentlemen can you have met with here, child, that know you ?”

“ My cousin John that went for a soldier some time since, and a party of his companions.”

“ And what brings them in these parts ? No good, I fear; for John was always a wild good-for-nothing lad.”

“ It is no evil, I assure you, mother,” said

Angelica pertly ; “ but you are always fancying the worst. John is become a man of consequence now, and he is at the head of a party of soldiers, searching for some state prisoners. He’ll be made a captain if he finds them : and I hope he will, with all my heart.”

“ Where are they now ?” asked the mother.

“ In the wood,” replied the girl ; “ and my brother is gone to help them to search, as he’ll get a share of the reward if they find the fugitives whilst he is with them.”

“ And you ’d go too, if you ’d any wit,” said the wife to her husband, who had now seated himself comfortably before the fire, and seemed very unwilling to be disturbed. Inspired, however, by his wife’s remonstrances, he roused himself, and, stretching his heavy limbs, rolled rather than walked away. Angelica had also retired, and Clara was left alone with the woman. It has already been mentioned, that presence of mind was one of Clara’s distinguishing characteristics ; and, perceiving the danger of the Queen, she was aware not a moment was to be lost. The observations of the woman to her husband, and, in fact, her whole



manner, showed that avarice was her master passion, and upon this hint Clara spoke. She offered her abundance of gold ; she enlarged upon the greediness of the soldiers, who, if she waited for their approach, would perhaps cheat her of her share in the promised reward, or, at least, give her such a trifle as would not to be worth having ; and at last drew forth the glittering metal and spread it before her eyes. Gold softens the hardest heart, and the cottager's wife could resist no longer, but promised to connive at their escape.

Clara instantly ordered Hans to prepare the horses ; and, informing the prince and Elvira of what had passed, the whole party again set forward on their eventful journey.

## CHAPTER VII.

IN the mean time, Roderick had been completely victorious in Spain. He had reached Madrid and established Don Pedro as King; and was now on his return to Seville, where he had left M. de Mallet and his charming daughter. Edric, of course, accompanied him; but the rest of the army had marched to Cadiz to embark, the Greek page only attending upon his master.

“Well, Edric!” said the King, laughing, as they approached Seville, “does not your heart beat with pleasure at the thought of quitting Spain?”

“How can you torment me so, Roderick?”

“Torment you! why I thought you would be in raptures; though I must own, if you are,

they are the most melancholy raptures I ever beheld in my life."

"This raillery is not generous. It is unworthy of you. I own I love Mademoiselle de Mallet—but I despair."

"And why?"

"Alas! how can I ask her to share the fortunes of a banished man?"

"Am not I your friend?"

"I know it; but I cannot brook dependence even upon you."

"I do not wish you to be dependent; but what can I do to serve you? Shall I make war upon this cross old father of yours?"

"Oh, do not speak of him so lightly! Say what you please of me, but spare my father!"

"I respect your feelings; and as I can say no good of him, I will have the discretion to be silent."

Edric felt no inclination to reply to this remark, and they travelled on in perfect silence till they reached Seville. Here they found every thing changed: the town had been partially re-built, and the lovely groves of orange and myrtle trees in the vicinity, glowing with

all the rich luxuriance of a southern spring, gave no idea of the scene of ruin and desolation it had before presented. They inquired for the house of M. de Mallet, and upon entering the inner square, or court-yard, they found him seated under the piazza that stretched round it, enjoying the evening breeze, whilst his fair daughter was occupied in reading to him.

A fountain played in the centre of the court, its sparkling spray descending in silvery showers; whilst innumerable orange trees and flowering shrubs, which were placed around, perfumed the air with their delicious fragrance; and a light awning, spread over the roof of the court, mellowed the light to a soft though glowing tinge, which gave an air of voluptuous languor to the whole scene.

The delight felt by M. de Mallet and his daughter at again seeing their deliverers was enthusiastic; and though it was most openly expressed by the father, the burning cheeks and sparkling eyes of Pauline spoke quite as intelligibly her silent transport.

“We have long expected you,” said M. de Mallet; “for I cannot describe how anxious

we are to leave this country. Pauline has wearied Heaven with prayers for your safety, and as I have felt my strength decay daily, I too have prayed for your return, for I have a secret to confide to you that weighs heavily upon my spirits."

"To confide to us?" cried Edric.

"Yes, to you," said M. de Mallet. "It is true I have not known you long; but some circumstances make men better acquainted in a month than the ordinary routine of life does in years. Thus, the kindness with which you have treated me, and the important events in which I have seen you engaged, have made me consider you as old and tried friends, and have induced me to confide to you a secret which I have hitherto guarded with the utmost scrupulous fidelity."

"What can you mean?" asked Edric in astonishment; whilst Pauline gazed upon her father with a look of the most intense anxiety.

"Pauline is not my child!" said the old man impressively. Pauline uttered a cry of agony that thrilled through the souls of her auditors, and threw herself at his feet, looking up in his



face with an expression of the bitterest anguish, as though she implored him not to desert her. M. de Mallet's agitation was equal to her own, and, as he fondly regarded her, he continued : " Yes, miserable being that I am ! I am not her father. Alas ! often when I have beheld her enduring hunger and thirst for my sake ; when I have seen her delicate frame exhausted with fatigue or shivering with cold, whilst still with angelic sweetness she has seemed to forget her own sufferings, and to think only of alleviating mine—oh, then, how I have burned to tell her that I did not deserve her kindness, and that I was an alien from her blood !"

" Oh father ! my dearest father !" cried Pauline, her eyes streaming with tears ; " what do you not deserve from me ? What is there that I could do, that could half express my love and gratitude ? Alas ! though I am not your child, the tender care you took of my infancy—your kindness, your affection—" Pauline could not continue, her sobs impeded her utterance.

" My dear child !" said M. de Mallet : and folding her in his arms, he mingled his tears with hers ; whilst Roderick and Edric were both

too powerfully affected to interrupt their sorrows, and stood gazing upon them in silence, though both ardently desired an explanation of this seeming mystery. After a short pause, M. de Mallet resumed: "I see the astonishment I have caused you, and my heart bleeds for the pain I have been compelled to inflict upon Pauline, but I could not die in peace without disclosing the truth."

"Oh, do not talk of dying!" cried Pauline, still clinging to him with the fondest affection.

"And who are the parents of Mademoiselle de Mallet?" demanded Roderick.

"Alas! I know not," returned the Swiss. "About twenty years ago, I was travelling in England with my wife, who, afflicted with an incurable disease, had been advised to try the skill of English physicians, they being considered the most able in the world. One night, my poor wife being exhausted with fatigue, we stopped at a small inn in a village near the sea coast. The night was tempestuous, and a blazing light in the kitchen tempted us to wait there whilst the parlour was prepared for us. A woman sate near the fire, with a lovely little

girl, about two years old, playing at her feet. My poor wife was always passionately fond of children, though Heaven had never blest us with any ; and attracted by the exquisite beauty of the little cherub, she took it in her arms and began to caress it.

“ ‘ Is your honour fond of children ? ’ asked the woman with an evident affectation of vulgarity.

“ ‘ I dote upon them,’ replied my wife. ‘ Oh Louis,’ continued she, addressing me in French, ‘ if I could have such an angel as this to supply my place to you, I think I could be resigned to die.’

“ ‘ If your honours like the child, you may have her,’ said the woman.

“ I started : but recollecting that, from the over education of the lower classes in England, they were all linguists ; the circumstance of the woman’s understanding what we said, did not appear extraordinary. ‘ She is my child,’ continued the woman ; ‘ I live hard by—and have only taken shelter here from the storm. The landlady knows me very well. My husband has been dead some months ; and, as I find it hard work to maintain myself and the child too, I

own I shall be glad to place her in hands where she is sure to be taken care of.'

"The woman's tale seemed plausible; and my wife and I were easily induced to conclude the bargain that gave us possession of Pauline! We visited the cottage of this woman the next morning, and found her story true, excepting that she had only lived there a few weeks. This, however, appeared immaterial; as indeed she had not fixed any definite time for the period of her residence, and gave some reason which I have forgotten for having left her former abode when her husband died. Soon after this, we left England, taking Pauline with us: her beauty increased with her years; and when my poor wife died, which she did a few months after our return to Switzerland, Pauline formed the sole consolation of my life. Two or three years afterwards, a friend of mine visiting England called by my desire upon the reputed mother of Pauline. He found the cottage deserted, and the landlady of the inn told him, that the woman had left the place a few hours after we had done so ourselves.

"This circumstance, combined with the evi-

dently affected vulgarity of the woman, and the elegance and delicacy of Pauline, has always induced me to suspect I was the dupe of a deception, and that the child had been stolen from parents in a superior rank of life to that in which I found her. Whether my conjectures are correct, I know not; but when I have surveyed the beauty and graces of my child, my breast has smote me for confining her to my own humble station, and I have determined, whenever circumstances would permit, to take her to England, and endeavour, if possible, to elucidate the mystery that hangs over her destiny."

"Accompany me then to Ireland," said Roderick, "and when you have stayed there till you are tired, if you still wish to prosecute your researches, I will give you letters of introduction to the English Court, and I sincerely hope we may find our fair friend to be a princess of the blood at least."

In the mean time, M. de Mallet's narrative had caused the greatest agitation in the breasts of Edric and Pauline. "Not his daughter!" thought the former; "whose can she be, then?"



and his imagination ran wild amongst a variety of dreams and fancies, each more extravagant than the last: for, to suppose the elegant and accomplished Pauline the daughter of a mere peasant was impossible; and the transporting hope that she might yet be his, with the consent of his father and the approbation of all his friends, danced before him; whilst Pauline, uncertain what to think, and unable to analyze her own sensations, felt, even amidst the desolation in which the avowal of M. de Mallet had involved her, a faint emotion of pleasure still throb at her heart, when she reflected that now her country was that of her lover's, and that it was possible—she dared go no farther, for her senses seemed unable to support the intoxicating thoughts of what might follow.

It had been agreed that our friends should remain a few days at Seville, to give the army at Cadiz time to recover from the fatigue of their march previous to their embarkation; but the morning after their arrival, a courier arrived with despatches from England, which made Roderick impatient to leave Spain immediately. He was at breakfast when these letters, which

had been forwarded to him from Cadiz, were put into his hands. He changed colour, and, starting from his seat, begged Edric to follow him into the garden.

“Good God, what is the matter?” asked M. de Mallet.

“Nothing, nothing!” replied Roderick; “but that I must return to Ireland immediately.”

And waving his hand as though to repel farther inquiry, he left the room; Edric followed in silence. “Edric,” said the Irish Monarch, throwing himself into a garden-seat and burying his face in his hands; “Elvira is dethroned, and perhaps murdered, all owing to my cursed folly in remaining so long in Spain.”

“Elvira!” exclaimed Edric, looking at his friend in the most profound amazement; for he could not imagine why he took so deep an interest in her fate.

“I see your astonishment, Edric,” resumed the King; “but I have not now time to explain whys and wherefores. Suffice it to say, that I adore Elvira, and if she perish, I will not survive her.”

A piercing shriek burst from the thicket as

he uttered these words, and both Edric and Roderick sprang involuntarily to the spot—it was vacant; they searched the wood, but no creature was to be seen.

“It was fancy,” said Edric.

“It was the Mummy,” murmured the King, “come to chide me for doubting his promises for an instant.”

“The Mummy!” cried Edric; “good God! what do you mean?” and he gazed with horror upon the wild and haggard countenance of his friend, who he seriously believed had become distracted. His look recalled the fleeting senses of Roderick, and with a ghastly smile he replied, “I am not mad, though I have enough to make me so. We must return to Ireland without a moment’s delay, and there reinforce my army. Elvira must be restored immediately, for her life is in danger from every moment’s delay.”

“I hope not,” said Edric; “for, though I detest Rosabella, I do not think her capable of assassination.”

“If she be not, Father Morris is,” returned Roderick, in a low voice, with a look of intense feeling.

Edric turned pale.—“In the name of God, tell me who and what you are?” said he earnestly; “and how you have obtained this close knowledge of the English Court.”

“I am called the Devil’s favourite, you know,” returned Roderick, smiling, in spite of his distress, at his friend’s embarrassment, “and it would be very hard if my patron did not give me a hint now and then upon subjects of importance.”

“How *can* you jest upon such a topic?” asked Edric reproachfully.

“True,” returned Roderick; “as you say, the subject is not one to joke upon: for we must quit Seville in a few hours, and leave M. de Mallet and the pretty Pauline to follow us under the escort of my Greek page; or rather, what perhaps you would prefer, you shall stay behind to take care of them, and Alexis and I will proceed alone.”

“Oh Roderick!” exclaimed Edric, “how can you imagine I could leave you?”

“Not even for Pauline?” asked the King, smiling.

“Not even for Pauline,” repeated Edric

firmly ; “ my love for you surpasses even the devoted love of woman ; and whilst I breathe, neither peril nor pleasure shall tear me from your side.”

“ My dear Edric !” said Roderick ; the tears glistening in his eyes : the next instant, however, he dashed them away, and added gaily, “ But come, we must go and make our bows, and take our leave like pretty behaved cavaliers ; and you may trust my discretion, Edric, that I will not tell Pauline of your want of gallantry.”

The Greek page looked the image of despair, when he heard his master’s commands that he should remain behind ; and passions, dark as the lowering heavens before a storm, hung upon his brow. He offered no opposition, however, to his master’s will ; and crossing his arms upon his breast, bent his head in token of obedience.

The voyage of Edric and Roderick to Ireland was rapid and favourable in the extreme ; and on their arrival, their reception was enthusiastic. The Irish are proverbially warm-hearted, and the rapture with which they now greeted their victorious Monarch defies descrip-



tion. Triumphal arches were erected, the walls were hung with tapestry, and the streets strewed with flowers, to greet his entry into his capital. Roderick did not refuse these honours; but it was evident to all who knew him well, that his mind was occupied with other things; and, in fact, he took his measures so promptly and so decidedly, that, by the time his army, with M. de Mallet and his daughter, Dr. Entwefen, and the Greek page, arrived from Spain, he had assembled a force quite sufficient for the restoration of the Queen.

The very day that Elvira fled in terror from the power of her rival, the combined army of Roderick began its march to hasten to her assistance; and it had nearly advanced through the whole of the tunnel under the sea, which separates the two kingdoms, without opposition. Orders were now given for the soldiers to rest for the night, and tents were rapidly pitched for that purpose. Roderick, however, could not sleep; and he stood with his arms folded, gazing at the singular scene before him, the innumerable torches fixed against the dark sides of the tunnel shedding their lucid light

around, and showing distinctly the long line of white tents that stretched as far as the eye could reach ; whilst the distant roaring of the sea above their heads, sounded like the hoarse murmur of gathering thunder.

Whilst Roderick was thus engaged, Edric perceived a group of people enter the cavern from the English side, and eagerly inquire for the King. They were brought before him ; they were four in number : but one stayed behind, holding their horses, which looked dreadfully jaded and distressed ; whilst the other three, a man and two women, approached and threw themselves at Roderick's feet : " Good God ! it is Elvira !" exclaimed he.

" Henry Seymour !" screamed the Queen, and fell senseless upon the ground.

In the mean time all was anarchy in England. Disgusted with the world and with himself, the King secluded himself from society, and passed his time entirely upon a small estate adjoining the chateau of his father. Sir Ambrose and he often met ; but they never spoke, though their hearts yearned towards each other. With all his good qualities, Sir Ambrose was prejudiced

and obstinate; he loved his son passionately, but he could not endure a rebel, and the poor old man was fast sinking into the grave, for want of the very consolation he would not condescend to receive.

Edmund also was wretched: the habits of respect in which he had been always brought up towards his father, prevented his daring to intrude upon him against his will, though he would willingly have relinquished his empty title of King, and have exposed himself to all the miseries of absolute want, to have obtained the privilege of throwing himself upon his father's neck, and receiving his forgiveness. The title of Edmund was, indeed, now only an empty one. Rosabella alone exercised the power of a Sovereign, and her haughty temper and capricious tyranny made her universally detested. Monarchs to be respected must be firm; and whilst they continue to inspire respect, they may sometimes venture to be tyrants. But Rosabella was no longer respected; he was despised; and the Commons finding themselves oppressed, and their complaints completely unattended to, began to regret the gentle sway of Elvira. "She, at

least," said they, "treated us with kindness; and if she did refuse our petitions, it was with gentleness. But now we are treated with scorn, and trampled beneath the feet, not only of the Queen, but of her confessor. We will not, we cannot bear it."

Sad and mournful also was the life of the Duke of Cornwall: for days and hours he would wander in the gardens of his chateau with his friend Sir Ambrose, and lament sorrowfully over the complete destruction of his hopes.

In these walks they often saw Edmund, gliding at a distance like a solitary ghost, and plunging amongst the trees when he thought himself observed. "How changed Edmund is become!" said the duke. "Alas! how guilt corrodes the heart! He has destroyed my daughter, and he is now suffering the penalty of his crime."

"Say not so," rejoined Sir Ambrose, who could not bear to hear his son blamed by any one but himself; "if Elvira had not eloped with Prince Ferdinand—"

"Eloped with Prince Ferdinand!" cried the duke,—"I did not expect this. What! can you, Sir Ambrose, join in the general voice?



Will you slander poor Elvira? Elvira, whom you have known from her cradle—whom you have loved and fondled as your own child?”

“Patience! patience! my good friend.”

“I have no patience, I can have no patience, when I hear my daughter scandalized—my poor motherless girl. Remember, if she should err, she lost her mother in her childhood—she has been always brought up with me, and as she has been the playfellow of your sons, from her earliest infancy, perhaps she may not act according to those rigid restraints imposed upon her sex, by those who have been always secluded from the society of men. But she means well, Sir Ambrose, she means well always, and I’d answer for her virtue with my life. Besides, you know, she has always been used to have an intimate friend of the other sex;—You know Edmund—”

“No one ever blamed her whilst Edmund was her friend.”

“And who dares blame her now? No one, I trust, whilst I have an arm and a sword ready to defend her.”

“My good friend, you reason like a fond



father; who, though he sees, is willing to excuse the faults of his offspring: your judgment condemns Elvira, even more than mine."

"No, no,—if I thought her wrong, I should not blame her as you do. Your partiality to Edmund blinds you, and you fancy my poor child has a thousand faults, because she was not sensible to the merit of your son."

"You mistake me quite; my opinion of Elvira would be just the same if Edmund were not in existence: though I acknowledge frankly, that every time I see his fine noble countenance, worn with care—his pale cheeks and sunken eyes—I feel a pang through my inmost soul. It is a strange infatuation that she should repulse my noble boy, and yet elope so readily with a youth she scarcely knew."

"Take care what you say, Sir Ambrose—take care what you say,—I will not have my child insulted."

"I do not wish to insult her—I speak but the truth—I do not even think her guilty, though the whole Court rings with her shame."

"Guilt! shame! And this to me? Oh God! Oh God! I have lived too long! To hear my

child thus basely slandered, and be unable to resent it !”

“ Base ! and is this the conclusion of our long friendship—Base ! and have I lived to be called base, for merely blaming a coquettish wanton ?”

“ Wanton !” cried the duke, and transported by his passion he struck Sir Ambrose violently. The aged baronet could not endure this insult ; his sword flew from his scabbard, and in a few seconds these ancient friends were engaged in mortal combat.

It was a shocking thing to see these two old men, their white hair streaming in the wind—their venerable features wrinkled with age, and their feeble frames tottering for support—fighting with all the vindictive fury of youth. How fearful is the storm of passion ! How vile the human heart when left to its own workings ! Every gentler feeling was extinguished in the breasts of the two veterans, and only brutal rage remained. For some time victory was doubtful ; but at last Sir Ambrose fell, and in another moment the sword of his antagonist would have passed through his bosom, had not

a powerful arm arrested the stroke. It was Edmund ! he had heard the clashing of swords at a distance, and, rushing to the spot, arrived just in time to prevent the fatal blow.

“ Oh my father ! ” cried Edmund with a thrill of horror, “ for God’s sake, do not die till you have forgiven me ! He hears me not ! ” cried he, wringing his hands in unutterable anguish. “ Oh, for mercy’s sake, speak ! Do not destroy me.”

Sir Ambrose feebly opened his languid eyes : “ Farewell,” said he, faintly : “ God bless you ! ”

“ Oh, do you forgive me ! ” shrieked Edmund, falling upon his knees.

“ I do,” said Sir Ambrose : “ and—the—duke ; ” the words feebly ebbed from his lips ; and, as he spoke, the fearful rattle of death gurgled in his throat, and with a convulsive sob he expired.

Sadly did the duke now gaze upon his fallen foe, but when he found him dead he was distracted. Madly he tore his hair, and threw himself upon the corpse ; but his agonies were in vain, the vital spark was extinct. Edmund stood also for some seconds gazing upon the

body, without any distinct idea existing in his mind; but when the whole sad reality rushed upon him, he could not endure his own thoughts, and darted away with the velocity of lightning. The duke heeded not his departure; he had thrown himself upon the body of his departed friend, and the whole universe seemed to contain for him only that bloody corpse. “I have killed him! I have killed him!” cried he, “I have killed him!”

His fearful shrieks soon drew many persons to the spot. “I have killed him!” screamed the duke, in answer to all interrogations; “I have killed him!” Abelard was one of the first collected round this mournful spectacle. “What can we do?” said he to Father Murphy,—“the case seems desperate.”

“I’ve killed him!” again screamed the duke in agony.

“He’s entirely mad,” said Father Murphy, “and there’s no doubt of it.”

“I’ve killed him!” repeated the duke, with a still more piercing shriek; “I’ve killed him!”

“Oh he is mad,” cried all the spectators, whilst they attempted to remove him from the

spot. With infinite difficulty they succeeded, he still clinging to the corpse, and screaming “I’ve killed him!” till his voice was lost in the distance.

Whilst these scenes were transacting at the English Court, the army of Roderick marched through the kingdom without opposition, for the people every where, tired of the tyranny of her rival, received Elvira with open arms, and the chief nobility vied with each other in opening their houses to entertain her and her suite as she passed along.

It was a fine evening in March, and the night was clear, though cold, when Elvira, with hurried steps, paced the fine terrace belonging to the castle of one of these noblemen. The Queen was evidently lost in reflection, and as she occasionally stopped, she threw back her long hair and looked up to the sky with an air of intense anxiety. “It is a lovely night!” murmured she: “Heaven grant that peace may still attend us! yet, I fear I know not what of danger. Oh, if the forces of Rosabella should resist—and Roderick should fall—and for me—”

She paused, for the thought seemed too dread-



ful for endurance. The moon shone brightly in the heavens, and the stars sparkled like diamonds on the clear blue sky ; whilst Elvira, raising her eyes to heaven, and clasping her hands together, seemed lost in silent prayer. Her fair face, shaded by her long black veil, looked even more lovely than usual, in the soft light thrown upon it ; and, as she stood thus apparently quite absorbed in inward devotion, she seemed almost a celestial being descended for the moment upon earth, and about to remount to her native skies.

A figure, wrapped in a dark long cloak, now appeared at the extremity of the terrace, and advanced slowly towards the Queen. Two other figures also emerged from the shade, and followed, though at a considerable distance. Elvira was not aware of their approach till the first figure stood behind her, and seizing her arms, threw a cloak over her head to stifle her cries ; and then, with the help of the others, was hurrying her off. At this moment, Roderick sprang actively upon the terrace, and with one blow from his vigorous arm, felled the first assailant to the ground. Then, draw-

ing his sword, the enraged Monarch would have instantly dispatched him, had not the supposed assassin uttered a piercing scream, and, clinging round his knees, implored mercy. The moon shone full upon the boy's face, and disclosed to Roderick's astonished eyes the features of the dumb page. "Alexis!" cried he.

The boy sprang from the ground.

"Roderick!" screamed he; "then I am ruined!"

"Stay!" returned the King, grasping his arm, and preventing his escape; "who, and what are you? Speak, or dread my vengeance."

The boy's heart beat almost to suffocation; every nerve throbbed with the most violent emotion, and drawing a dagger from his belt, he attempted to plunge it into the heart of Roderick. "Ah!" cried the King, starting aside in time to prevent the blow; whilst ere he could prevent it, the page had buried the weapon in his own bosom.

"Good God!" exclaimed Roderick, "what can this mean?"

The whole of this scene had passed with such rapidity, that Elvira had scarcely time to re-

cover herself, or to be aware of what had happened. The two assistants had fled the moment they perceived the King; and Elvira, with trembling steps and pallid cheeks, approached the spot where Roderick knelt beside the bleeding page.

Kneeling beside him, she attempted to staunch the blood which flowed rapidly from the wound, but in vain; for the boy's life was evidently fast ebbing.

Brian, a servant of the King, who had followed his master to the terrace, aided her endeavours; but Roderick remained fixed and immoveable, his eyes chained as by the power of fascination upon the page, who now slowly unclosed his eyelids, and heaving a deep sigh, fixed his languid eyes upon those of Roderick.

"Zoe!" cried the King.

"Yes," returned the page, gasping for breath, and speaking with difficulty; "Zoe! I am indeed that wretch. I loved you, Roderick; I would have died for you. I do die for you; but—but—Elvira—"

"What meant your outrage upon her?"

"What did it mean?" cried Zoe, her eyes

flashing fire, and her whole frame supported by a supernatural energy ; “ did I not see that you loved her, and could I endure to resign you to another ? No,” continued she, starting from the ground ; “ I would have killed her, and, had she perished, I should have died contented.”

The violence of the action made the blood gush in torrents from her wound ; and, pale and feeble, her failing eyes closed. She staggered a few paces, fell, heaved one convulsive struggle, and Zoe was no more !

Sadly did Roderick gaze upon that form which had so lately thrilled with feeling—now cold and inanimate at his feet : the victim of passion lay before him. Her hopes, her fears, her rage, and her love, had passed away, and there her body remained a senseless clod of clay, till it should be resolved into its original elements. By this time, some of the servants of the castle, who had been summoned by Brian, approached ; and the old Earl of Warwick, in whose castle the fatal scene had taken place, rushed upon the terrace, calling wildly upon his people to save the Queen.

“ Is it the Lady Elvira that ye mane ?” asked

Brian ; “Och an’t plase yere honour, and she’s safe, every inch of her.”

“And what has been the matter?” asked the Earl.

“Och and your lordship may well ask that ; but the divil a bit any body can tell you but one, and that’s myself. Ye see, my master, his most gracious Majesty, and me were walking in the garden ; that is, he was walking and I was watching, for fear any harm should happen to him ; for the life of such as he isn’t to be trusted to chance in a strange country, and I guess he was thinking of the Queen, though he never said nothing about it. And so when we came near the terrace, it was so dark, ye couldn’t see yere hand before you. And then the moon peeped through the clouds, like a pretty face looking through a ground-glass window. And then she came out as bright as a silver mirror ; and the Queen looked so pretty as she stood praying, that my master couldn’t find it in his heart to interrupt her ; and for me, I wasn’t the man to be even thinking of such a thing. And then two black-looking spalpeens, bad luck to them ! stole out behind her, and there wasn’t



two, for there were three of them—with never a livin' soul beside, to be seen in respect of being near her: but God never would suffer a rare lady like herself to want a friend to comfort her when she'd be in naad—and my master wouldn't let her be after coming to harm, for he jumped upon the terrace entirely like a hound springing at the deer—and saved her, which nobody but himself could have done like it, for the very life of 'em. And when I came, there was the man lying dead that would have killed the princess, and it turned out he wasn't a man at all, but a woman."

The story of Zoe is soon told. Bred in a warm climate, and naturally enthusiastic in her disposition, she was the child of passion. The misfortunes she had experienced in Greece, by depriving her of all she loved, had thrown her affections back upon her own bosom, and they had preyed upon themselves.

To give vent to the feelings that oppressed her, she created an image of perfection in her own mind, and this she worshipped in secret.—When she saw Roderick, however, all was changed; a new world seemed to open upon

her. The idol of her fancy, indeed, stood before her ; for Roderick realized all her wildest dreams. He became her god. His heroism, his person, his talents, caught her imagination, and the violence of her passions completed the delirium of her soul. Notwithstanding, however, the intensity of her feelings, no thought of grosser texture contaminated her mind. Her love was as that of angels, pure and undefiled:—she regarded Roderick as a thing enshrined, almost too holy for mortal vows to worship ; and she would have considered it sacrilege to dare even to think of him as a husband.

With these feelings, she had watched over him, with almost a mother's love ; and when she informed him of the conspiracy against him, she resolved, with all the romantic self-devotion of a fond woman, to follow him unknown and in disguise ; without any plan, however, but that of being near him, or any hope but that of contributing to his happiness. Money, and the assistance of one or two devoted servants, who contrived to follow in Roderick's train, had enabled her to accomplish this. She

had felt a momentary jealousy at his anxiety for Pauline, and she had been half induced to favour the plots of the Spanish general, to take Roderick prisoner; but that feeling had worn away, when she discovered the mutual passion of Edric and the fair Swiss. Now the case was different, and, maddened by the thought of Roderick's devotion to Elvira, she had determined to destroy her. Her trusty Greeks would have assisted her plan, but they fled at her detection.

Inexpressibly shocked at what had taken place, Roderick could scarcely bear again to separate himself, even for an instant, from Elvira. "Do not bid me leave you," said he, looking at her with the fondest affection; "You shall accompany me, even to the field. Oh! would to Heaven you would give me a right to be near you for ever."

"Alas! alas!" replied Elvira; "I tremble for the result of this fatal contest. Oh that I were but a humble peasant!"

"Would to Heaven you were!" cried Roderick, with enthusiasm; "for happy as I always am in your presence, never do I feel so

much so, as when we seem, as at present, secluded from the world. Then I could forget your rank, and all the artificial restraints grandeur has thrown around you ; and without remembering that I am Roderick, and you Elvira, think only of a pair of simple lovers, whose weightiest care was their attendance upon their flocks, and whose only happiness consisted in loving and being beloved."

"Alas, Roderick !" replied Elvira ; "do not speak of love. After the dreadful scene we have just witnessed, I tremble at the passion. No, be my friend, Roderick. Friendship is more sure than love. On that, we may confidently rely ; but passion destroys itself with what it feeds upon—intense feelings cannot last."

"Oh Elvira ! say not so," cried Roderick, fixing his eyes earnestly upon her blushing countenance—whilst she, trembling and agitated, betrayed by her confusion the passion she would have fain concealed.

How feeble are words to express the transports of such a moment ! 'Tis the oasis in the desert of life—the bright gem that casts a radiance even upon the dross with which it is



surrounded. Man is born to misery—thick clouds hang over him, and obscure his path—dangers await him at every step. One single ray alone breaks through the gloom—bright as the fairy dreams of childhood; but, alas! equally fleeting. 'Tis love—pure, passionate, unsophisticated love—the only glimpse of heaven vouchsafed on earth to man. And this was what was now felt by Roderick and Elvira, as he, throwing himself at her feet, vowed eternal constancy, and persuaded her to acknowledge that her hopes of earthly happiness centered in him alone.

But why do I profane such a scene, by attempting to describe it? Those who have loved, have only to recollect what they felt upon a similar occasion; and to those who have not,—Heaven help them!—not all the eloquence of Cicero himself could give the least idea of any thing of the kind. Suffice it to say, that before Roderick and Elvira parted, she consented, if success should crown their efforts, to become his bride.

The state of England, at this moment, defies description. The death of Sir Ambrose and



the insanity of the Duke of Cornwall were events so shocking in themselves, that it was not surprising they produced a violent effect upon the minds of the people. Edmund had disappeared, and Rosabella, instigated by Father Morris and Marianne, became every day more rapacious and tyrannical; whilst even they quarrelled amongst themselves, and wretchedness prevailed throughout the kingdom.

This was the state of the public mind, when the news of the invasion of Roderick first reached the ears of Rosabella.

“Marianne!” she exclaimed, “summon Father Morris. We are ruined,” continued she, as the reverend father entered—“absolutely ruined. Roderick is invincible, and he supports Elvira! Where is Cheops?”

“Ay!” returned Father Morris, “where is Cheops? It is that accursed fiend that has led us on to destruction? His counsels have destroyed us; for, though plausible in appearance, they have been as deceitful as the oracles of old.”

“Yet you trusted him!” said Rosabella.

“I hated him from the first ; but you trusted him. You thought him all perfection : he flattered your vanity, and you weakly believed every thing that he asserted.”

“Weakly !” cried Father Morris, his lips quivering with rage.

“Yes, weakly !” returned Rosabella ; “for a child would have seen through his artifices ; but you were deceived by them, and have been his dupe, his tool, his plaything.”

“This to me !” cried Father Morris, gnashing his teeth together with passion.

“Yes, to you,” returned Rosabella coolly ; “for why should I longer conceal my sentiments ? I will no longer be your slave. You have made me deserted by my husband—hated by my subjects—and detested by myself. I will, therefore, no longer follow your councils ; from henceforward I will act for myself. Adieu, we meet no more as friends !”

And as she spoke, she walked out of the room, leaving the priest motionless with astonishment.—“This to me !” cried he to Marianne, as soon as he recovered himself sufficiently to speak—“to me, who have sacrificed every

thing for her! Did I not place her on the throne? Have I scrupled even to imbrue my hands in blood for her sake? Have I not committed crimes for her that weigh heavily upon my soul? Did I not poison Claudia? and should I not also have destroyed Elvira, if Cheops had not saved her? Oh, Marianne, am I awake? Is it not a cruel dream? Is it possible it can be Rosabella! Rosabella! *my* Rosabella! *my child!* my own Rosabella! that uses me thus?"

"Hush! hush!" cried Marianne; "'tis but the passion of a moment. Be composed. Rosabella still loves you; but, irritated by the desertion of Edmund, and the news she has just heard—"

"Oh, Marianne!" interrupted the friar in agony, "you may easily reason, for you never had a child; but if Heaven had blessed us with one, you might have felt for my anguish."

"I do feel for you," returned Marianne; "but does she not treat me with equal scorn? Since the absence of Edmund she has become distracted, and I, who know the agonies a woman endures when she finds herself de-

served by the man she adores, can feel for her."

"And who first gained her Edmund? Would he ever have become her husband, had not I induced him?"

"I believe not; neither would she have been Queen but for you."

"No—no. Oh! how I have toiled for that ungrateful girl! How I have adored her!"

"You have been a devoted father."

"Have I not, Marianne? I have at least endeavoured to expiate my sin. I have done penance—I have spent nights unnumbered in painful vigils. I have scourged my body, till the feeble flesh has shrunk beneath the torture; yet still my mind remains unappeased. Remorse still gnaws my vitals! Oh, Marianne! how poor is earthly grandeur to a mind diseased!"

In this manner did these companions in iniquity confer; till at length, hating each other and themselves, they gave vent to mutual upbraiding, and parted with undisguised hatred and contempt. Such, indeed, is the disgusting nature of sin, that though a man may shut his

eyes to his own defects, or rather, see them through the magic prism of self-love; yet he almost always abhors them when he sees them reflected in another.

Thus it was with Father Morris.—Marianne had been his associate in many scenes of vice; he had, in fact, first led her from the paths of virtue, and, as usual in such cases, he now hated the creature he had made.

Father Morris was indeed that brother of the Duke of Cornwall, whose crimes and punishment have been before slightly hinted at. He had married in early life a beautiful and accomplished woman; but, instigated by the machinations of Marianne, whom he had previously seduced and abandoned, he had become jealous of her, and, in a paroxysm of rage, had deprived her of life. This was the crime he had since endeavoured to expiate by the penance of his whole life. Vain, however, had been his endeavour! The mortification of the body avails little, where the humiliation of the spirit is wanting; and Father Morris, notwithstanding his apparent repentance, was proud, envious, and intolerant.



In a fit of remorse, after the death of his wife, he had embraced a monastic life, and in order to subject himself to a perpetual penance, had placed himself as father confessor to Sir Ambrose. No situation, in fact, could have been more painful to a proud spirit than this; yet this daily misery Father Morris felt a pride in supporting without murmuring.

It is strange, but true, that haughty spirits sometimes feel almost pleasure in trying their powers of endurance to the utmost; for there is a self-satisfaction in thinking we have borne what seems almost too much for mortals, that often consoles a man under the acutest agonies.

This was the case with Father Morris, and the daily tortures which he endured without shrinking, almost reconciled him to himself. Ambition, however, was still his master-passion, and as his monastic vows prevented its indulgence in his own person, he devoted himself to the advancement of his child. How he succeeded, and how he was rewarded, has been already shown.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ HAVE you heard the news ?” asked Lord Maysworth one morning, bustling into the breakfast-room of Lord Gustavus de Montfort.

“ What is it ?” demanded that noble lord, who was sitting at breakfast with his usual satellites.

“ The King of Ireland has arrived at Oxford with an immense army, intending to re-establish Elvira.”

“ Impossible !” cried Lord Gustavus.

“ Impossible !” echoed the satellites.

“ Something must be done,” said Lord Maysworth.

“ Thinking as I think, and as I am confident every one who hears me must think, or at least,

ought to think," said Lord Gustavus; "no government can be worse than the one we have at present."

"The Queen has not performed one of her promises," subjoined Dr. Hardman; "and her caprice and cruelty are beyond endurance."

"Her extravagance is unbounded," said Lord Maysworth.

"And her arrogance extreme," rejoined Lord Gustavus.

The satellites shook their heads in chorus.

"In my opinion," said Lord Maysworth, "we had better seek Elvira and try to propitiate her. She was used to be mild and gentle."

"But will she not be too much exasperated with our former desertion, to listen to us?" asked Dr. Hardman.

"I think not," said Lord Gustavus pompously.

The result of this conference may be easily imagined. Rosabella found herself deserted; many who would not have had courage to abandon her cause, had they not found precedents

for their conduct, fled in the suite of the rebel lords. Roderick rapidly advanced, and his army was every day augmented by the discontented English.

“I am lost, Marianne!” cried the Queen, when she found the enemy was within a day’s march of her capital; “I am ruined past redemption.”

“Do not desert yourself,” said Marianne, “and you may yet be saved. If you despair, it is a virtual acknowledgment of the weakness of your cause.”

“What will become of me?” continued Rosabella, wringing her hands; “no earthly help can save me.”

“But courage may,” said the deep voice of Cheops, who had entered the room unobserved.

“Ah!” screamed Rosabella; “it is the fiend!”

Cheops laughed, and the unearthly sound rang hoarsely in the ears of his auditors.

“Speak, demon! or whatever thou art,” cried Marianne; “shall we perish?”

“You shall meet with your reward!” said the Mummy calmly: “Are you satisfied?”

“ Oh, Rosabella !” screamed Father Morris, rushing into the room in an agony of despair ; “ save her ! save my child !”

“ Your child ?” cried Rosabella ; “ can it be possible that *you* are *my* father ?”

“ I am—I am ;—but fly—fly—and I forgive every thing ; only let us fly !”

“ Alas !” cried Marianne ; “ he has but too much reason for his agony. The enemy have entered the city.”

“ What will become of us ?” ejaculated the friar. “ Fiend ! monster ! barbarian !” cried he, addressing Cheops, and seizing him roughly by the arm ; “ deliver us ! It was thy accursed counsels which involved us in ruin. Save us !”

“ My counsels that led you to ruin !” returned Cheops, with one of his bitter laughs ; “ say rather, your own passions. Did I urge you to murder Claudia ? Nay, did I not save Elvira ? Did I not warn you that the throne and misery were inseparably connected ? And have not all my promises been fulfilled to the very letter ?”



“Yes, yes; to the letter,” returned Father Morris; “but not in spirit.”

“By the sacred hawks of Osiris kept at Edfou! I swore Rosabella should be Queen, and you her favourite minister.”

“Talk not of what is past,” cried the priest impatiently; “tell me how to act. The foe is at the gates of the palace.”

“Did you not say there was a secret passage, leading from this chamber?”

“There is! there is!” cried Father Morris, with rapture; “we will there lie concealed, and may surprise them.”

Cheops laughed:—“Am I still your foe?” asked he, with his usual bitterness.

“Name it not, name it not!” cried Father Morris; “we have not an instant to lose. Hurry into the subterranean passage. I hear the horses of the enemy in the court of the palace!”

“Thebes was perforated with passages, yet she has fallen,” muttered Cheops, as he followed the friar and Rosabella through the opening into the secret chamber; Ma-

rienne joined them, and the spring pannel closed.

Nothing could be more flattering than the reception Elvira met with from her people. Roderick had placed her at the head of his army, and the people hailed her appearance with rapture. Not a blow had been struck, for the army of Rosabella had joined her banners ; and Elvira advanced to London without opposition. Too mild and forgiving to indulge a single feeling of revenge, she felt rejoiced that her rival had escaped, and wished no pursuit to be instituted.

Edric, however, was not so quiescent. A thousand circumstances flashed upon his mind, to prove that the accession of Rosabella had been long planned by Father Morris, and he felt convinced he had been the dupe of the plans they had laid to induce him to quit the kingdom.

“I will find him,” said he, “and expose his infamy. He shall not escape me thus.”

Vain, however, was his search, and he returned to the room so lately occupied by Rosabella restless and dispirited. Elvira was now in this

splendid chamber, surrounded by her friends ; and, trembling with agitation, was awaiting the expected arrival of her father.

“ Oh, Heavens ! ” exclaimed she, as the poor old man was led in ; “ Roderick ! my beloved Roderick ! can we not save him ! ”

“ Alas ! ” returned Roderick, “ I fear—— but compose yourself, my dearest girl ; all may yet go well.”

“ Where is Elvira ? my child, my darling Elvira ! ” cried the old man : “ I did not kill her ! No,” whispered he, drawing near to Roderick ; “ I killed *him*, it is true, but it was for her sake. He slandered my child, and I could not bear that.”

“ Oh God ! oh God ! ” cried Elvira ! “ have mercy upon him ! It breaks my heart to see him thus. Leave us, I implore you,” she continued, addressing her friends ; “ I cannot bear that even you should see the extent of his malady. Leave him with me, and perhaps my presence may recall his lost recollection.”

Finding opposition only increased her anx-

iety, her friends at length consented ; and Elvira was left alone with her father. Kneeling by his side as he lay stretched upon a sofa, the Queen endeavoured to console him ; but he knew her not, and wrung her heart by calling vehemently upon Elvira. “ If I could see my child,” said he, “ I should die contented. Call my child ! where is Elvira ? Yes, yes, I know she is a Queen, and cannot come to me ! Yet I think even a Queen might look at her poor old father : I only want her to look at me !”

Whilst this scene was passing, Rosabella and her friends lay concealed in the secret chamber ; and, through the moveable pannel, watched every thing that passed.

“ Now is the time,” cried Father Morris ; when he saw that Elvira, exhausted by her grief, had hidden her face in her hands, to indulge her tears unrestrainedly.

“ You ensure your own destruction if you kill her !” said Cheops.

“ I care not,” returned Father Morris ; and removing the pannel, he approached. Elvira

saw him not : and the shining dagger already was aimed at her breast, when it caught the eye of the maniac ; and returning reason flashed through his mind.

“Edgar !” cried he, with a piercing scream, “spare my child !”

The cry roused the friends of Elvira, who had remained in the antechamber, and they rushed in. In an instant the room was crowded ; Father Morris was secured ; and his confederates (from his having left the pannel open) discovered.

“Edgar !” cried the duke ; “yes, it is Edgar ! my brother ! my only brother ! and this is Elvira. She is not fled ; I knew she was not ! She is safe !”

“And is it possible,” cried Edric, “that you can be Duke Edgar !”

“I am that wretch !” said Father Morris.

“Then Rosabella is—”

“My child ! and for her I have become the wretch I am ! Yet to her I have done my duty ; and if she be spared—”

“Ah !” cried M. de Mallet ; “it is, it is—



yes, I am not deceived, *that* is the woman who sold us Pauline."

"Who, which?" exclaimed Edric eagerly.

"There," cried the Swiss, pointing to Marianne.

"Marianne!" exclaimed Edric.

"Yes," said she, "Marianne! He is right; it was I, and now is the moment of my vengeance. Seduced and deserted by this man," pointing to Father Morris, "my passions, always impetuous, panted for revenge. *I* instigated him to murder the wife for whom he had abandoned me—I stole his child and sold her to a stranger—and *I* substituted my own wretched offspring, whom I had had by a man he abhorred, in its place."

"What!" cried Father Morris, his livid lips quivering with anguish; "is not Rosabella my child?"

"No," said Marianne; "twenty years ago I sold your child to this gentleman," pointing to M. de Mallet. "He was a foreigner, and I believed, by placing her in his hands, you would never see her more."

“Then who is Rosabella?”

“*My* child, and by your servant Jacques.”

“Curses on thee, woman! What! have I then destroyed myself here and hereafter for the offspring of that wretch? A man I detested, abhorred, despised!”

“Yes,” said Marianne, with a fiendish laugh. “You abandoned me, and I swore to be revenged: he heard my oath, and by promising to assist me obtained my consent to be his paramour. By his aid I effected all the rest. He has long been dead, but still I have pursued my plan; and when I saw you risking body and soul for Rosabella, I have gloried, for I was revenged.”

“Fiend!” cried the priest; and rushing upon her before any one could prevent him, he stabbed her to the heart, and then instantly withdrawing the dagger buried it in his own bosom. “Still I am revenged!” cried Marianne, as heaving a deep sigh she expired. Father Morris never spoke again.

My tale is nearly closed, for dull must be the mind that cannot picture all the rest. The

duke recovered his reason, and enjoyed all the happiness his bosom was yet capable of, in witnessing the union of his daughter and Roderick, whom he had loved as Henry Seymour, and now adored as the hero of Ireland. He gave Pauline a noble fortune, as his niece, and she married Edric; who, in the absence of his brother, took possession of his father's wealth, and fixed his residence in his former dwelling, where, after all his troubles, Dr. Entwerfen found himself comfortably re-established in his ancient chamber; whilst Clara, by becoming the bride of Prince Ferdinand, enchanted her mother, and secured her own happiness.

The coronation of Roderick and Elvira, as King and Queen of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, was superb, and far excelled that in which Elvira had previously been an actress. Taught wisdom by experience, however, she no longer placed implicit reliance upon the shouts of applause that followed her footsteps; — yet, even with the reflection that all the promises she received might be evanescent, she could not re-

sist the emotion of pleasure that swelled her breast, when, after the priest had pronounced the nuptial benediction, she walked with Roderick, the chosen of her heart, through a long line of kneeling subjects, and heard every mouth implore blessings on their heads, and bestow praises on her choice.

Proudly did Elvira look around as she reached the entrance of Westminster Hall; yet, ere she entered it, a rush and bustle in the crowd attracted her attention, and a man, clad like a monk, threw himself before her. Elvira screamed; when the man, throwing back his cowl, fixed his heavy eyes upon her and exclaimed, "Do you not know me, Elvira?" It was Edmund.

"Alas! alas!" cried he, "the demon was right; I trusted in my own strength, and I have fallen, miserably fallen. Though I knew it not, ambition was my god—and every thing else weighed lightly in the scale. Yet, even when my ambition was gratified, I was wretched; for I loved you, Elvira, even whilst I plotted against you;—and as my own heart reproached

me, I felt every wrong you suffered far more poignantly than you could yourself. My poor father too!—but all is over now, and I am doomed to bitter expiation of my sins,—bitter indeed, for oh, how far beyond all other sufferings are the never-dying tortures of remorse. One thought alone haunted my mind,—one image alone floated before my senses. I could not die till I had obtained your pardon. Pardon me then, Elvira! See! thus humbly at thy feet I implore thy forgiveness; crouching in the dust, and bending my neck to be thy footstool!”

“Rise, I entreat you, rise!” said Elvira; “and be assured I forgive you—nay, that I pity you from my inmost soul.”

“She pities me!” cried Edmund; “yet I can bear even this: even pity. And am I indeed fallen so low as to be pitied! Yes, yes, I am indeed to be pitied.”

“I did not mean to wound your feelings,” returned Elvira, “believe me, Edmund. Tell me, what is there I can do for you?”

“Nothing!” cried he wildly; “the world is nothing for me now. Pity that unhappy



woman that was my wife ; and as for me, forget me !”

“ Never !” said Elvira ; “ for never can I forget your disinterested love and your devoted affection. The heart, however, is capricious ; and mine, though sensible to your merits, was destined for another.”

“ And well does that other deserve your love ;—for even jealousy itself must own that Roderick is worthy to be your husband. Yes, to him I *can* resign you. Farewell, Elvira ! you shall never see me more ! Let my brother take my inheritance ! May you be happy ! God bless you ! God bless you !”

And starting from his knees, he disappeared, before she could reply.

The spirits of Elvira were agitated by this event, which threw a damp over the remaining festivities of the day ; and, trembling and unnerved, she proceeded to the magnificent hall, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared for her reception. For some days after this event, the attention of Roderick and Elvira was occupied in arranging the different affairs of the kingdom ; whilst Edric and Pauline, with the

old Duke of Cornwall, M. de Mallet, and Father Murphy retired to the house of the former in the country, where Dr. Entwerfen was already comfortably established.

A thousand emotions swelled in the heart of Edric as he approached this venerable mansion, and saw again its well-known turrets peeping through the trees. Strange, indeed, are the feelings that oppress the mind, when the wanderer returns, after a long absence, to the habitation of his forefathers. A mingled crowd of contradictory sensations, of disappointed hopes, of undefined fears, float through his fancy; and, as well-remembered objects recal the visions that formerly delighted him, he starts at the difference the experience of their fallacy has made in himself, and he sighs in vain for a return of the blissful ignorance he formerly despised. All too appears changed! As the human mind judges only by comparison, the eyes become dazzled by distant splendours, and that which to the eyes of youth had appeared superb, seems to the maturer judgment of manhood, tame, vapid, and insipid,—whilst the imagination which had fondly cherished the

favourite dreams of childhood, and decked them in all the vivid colours of fancy, feels disappointed and disgusted, though it scarce knows why, to find the reality so different from the image it had pictured to itself.

Such were the feelings of Edric as he entered the grand hall of this residence of his ancestors, and gazed upon the well-remembered faces of the crowd of servants assembled to meet him. At the head of these was Davis; his tall thin figure waving to and fro, and his long thin white hair floating upon his shoulders; and the more spruce and gallant aspects of Abelard and his devoted Eloisa, the late Mrs. Russell, who had blest him with the possession of her fair hand a few days before, and now stood blushing and simpering, with all the affected modesty of a bride of sixty, to receive the congratulations of those around her.

“Welcome! welcome, my dear Edric!” cried Dr. Entwerfen, rushing down-stairs to meet them, his sleeves tucked up, and his wig thrown back, in a very experimental-philosophic manner; “rejoice with me too, for I have recovered my balloon! My darling caoutchouc bottle of

inflammability ! My immortalizing snuff, and, more than all, my adored galvanic battery ! Yes, my compendium of science, my epitome of talent, and my most inestimable treasure, is safe ! Not, indeed, that which was employed in galvanizing the Mummy, but its counterpart, its duplicate, its prototype. The Mummy came to England, and the balloon being recognized to be mine, it was placed in my apartment, where it has remained ever since, stowed up in safe but inglorious obscurity, till my return."

"Och ! and that's a clear case !" said Father Murphy ; "and there's no doubt of it."

Leaving the delighted doctor to show the treasures of his laboratory to M. de Mallet, Edric retired to his chamber, and after surveying again and again the well-known objects it contained, he hurried to his favourite grove.

It is singular how inanimate objects, which have been long unseen, recal the thoughts and train of feelings indulged in when one last beheld them : thus, the house, the groves, the walks, the gardens, and the river, recalled all its former longings to Edric's mind ; and he



again burnt to converse with a disembodied spirit, as he entered the grove where he had formerly so often ruminated, and indulged dreams wild and improbable as the delusions of delirium. The day was beautiful; it was one of those bright glowing mornings in April, when dew drops hang upon every thorn, when the sun shines brightly through the clear pure air, and all nature seems awaking to new life and vigour from repose.

Edric entered the grove, and threw himself upon that very bank where he had reclined only a few months before, under such different feelings. The river, the grove, the bank, were all the same; he only was changed. "And yet," said he, "is not my mind still as unsettled as before? Am I not still wandering in a labyrinth of doubts? Unknowing where to turn; and yet tormented with a restless desire to discover my way. What can have become of the Mummy, I so strangely resuscitated? It is strange, that since the restoration of Elvira it seems to have vanished, and yet all here speak of it as of a living animated being. Would that I could see it. O Cheops! Cheops—"



Suddenly a strange unearthly voice seemed to murmur harshly in his ear—"Go to the Pyramid! There and there only can thy hopes be gratified." Edric started upon his feet—no one was near him, and not a sound broke the awful stillness that reigned around, save the gentle rippling of the river that flowed at his feet. He gazed wildly on every side, hoping, yet fearing to behold the ghastly being, he fancied his words had conjured up. It was in vain; no dark figure interposed between him and the clear bright sunshine; no gloomy shadow stretched along the plain; all looked gay as youth and happiness; yet still that awful voice rang in his ears, and thrilled through every nerve.

"I *will* go the Pyramid," cried he energetically; "I will again enter that horrid tomb—but I will go alone."

In pursuance of this sudden, but irresistible desire, Edric hastily prepared to return to Egypt; and feigning that he was called to London by business of importance, to satisfy the anxious curiosity of Pauline, he departed. Indescribable emotions throbbed in his bosom

as he took his seat in the stage balloon which was to convey him to Egypt ; but when he saw the towers and temples, and, above all, the pyramids of this mysterious country, lying beneath his feet, his agitation increased almost to agony. It was with infinite difficulty that he obtained permission again to visit the objects of his journey ; as, since the mysterious disappearance of the Mummy, the tomb of Cheops had been closed from mortal eyes. The interference of the British consul, however, at length obviated all objections, and Edric (whose impatience had become absolute torture from the delay) once more entered that awful receptacle of fallen greatness.

Scarcely a twelvemonth had elapsed since he had last trodden those solemn vaults, yet what a change had taken place in his destiny ! When he considered the number and variety of the events that had befallen him, he could scarcely fancy it possible that they had been crowded into so short a space of time ; and, instead of a year, centuries seemed to have rolled over his head. His feeling of personal identity seemed confused—his senses became bewilder-

ed, and he mechanically followed his conductor almost without knowing whither he was going.

At last the guide stopped—"This is the tomb of Cheops," said he; "I suppose, Sir, you will enter it alone."

Edric started—the words of the guide seemed to ring in his ears as the knell of death, and he shuddered as the thought crossed his mind that some horrid and appalling punishment might even now await him for his presumption. Desperately he snatched the torch from the hands of his guide and advanced ALONE.

Darkly did those gloomy vaults seem to frown at his approach, and fearfully did his footsteps resound as he slowly penetrated into their deep recesses. At length, he reached the tomb, but the brazen gates were closed, and he attempted in vain to open them. He placed the torch upon the ground, and again tried to unclosethe fatal portal; he exerted his whole strength, but still it resisted his efforts. Rendered desperate, he now threw himself against the gates with almost superhuman

force. Suddenly a hollow sound murmured through the cavern, and a current of wind rushed by with mighty and resistless fury. The brazen gates flew open with a fearful clang, and the torch fell and was extinguished. The next moment the sepulchral lamp shot forth a faint gleaming light, which brightened by degrees into a steady flame, whilst heavenly music sounded faintly upon the ear, dying gradually away in murmurs, soft as those of the *Æolian* harp.

The brilliant light of the lamp now glowed with noon-day radiance, and showed distinctly every corner of the fatal chamber. Edric looked timidly around, and shuddered as each well-remembered object met his eyes ; but what was his horror and surprise when, glancing at the marble sarcophagus of Cheops, he beheld the gigantic figure of the Mummy standing erect beside it ! It was again simply wrapped in the garments of the tomb, and its glassy eyes, rigid features, and statue-like form, chilled Edric to the heart. He looked at it a few moments in silence, till it raised its arm and seemed about to address him ; when, shrinking back with in-



describable horror, he uttered a faint shriek, and hid his face in his hands.

“Why dost thou tremble?” asked the Mummy in a deep hollow voice that thrilled through Edric’s very soul. “Didst thou not come here to seek me, and dost thou shudder to behold my form? I am now before thee. Ask what thou wilt, I am permitted to reply. Why art thou silent? Why does thy heart seem to wither in my presence? Alas! alas! is no mortal to be found free from the debasing influence of fear? Thou art called bold, courageous, and noble. Thou hast dared to soar above thy fellow-men, and thou hast ardently wished to see me. Behold I am here, and now, weak, fearful, and inconsistent as thou art, thou shunnest my approach.”

“I do not shun thee,” said Edric, removing his hands, and endeavouring to look calmly on the fearful being before him, though the flesh seemed to quiver on his bones with the effort—“I do not shun thee; but the nerves will shrink though the mind be firm. I did



wish to see thee ; for ardently do I still desire to know the secrets of the tomb."

Cheops burst into one of his fearful laughs. "Weak, silly worm ! are you not satisfied then ? How would this knowledge avail you ? Has any thing but misery attended your former researches ? And can any thing but misery attend the knowledge you now covet ? Learn wisdom by experience ! Seek not to pry into secrets denied to man ! If you wish still, however, to be resolved of your doubts, behold me ready to satisfy them ; but, I warn you, wretchedness will wait upon my words."

"Then I no longer seek to hear them ; for, even weak as you esteem me, I can learn wisdom from experience. Thus, then, I tear the tormenting doubts, that have so long haunted me, from my mind, and bid them farewell for ever !"

"It is well," said Cheops, his eyes beaming with joy. "Then my task is accomplished. I have at last found a reasonable man. I honour you, for you can command yourself, and now you may command me."

“ I wish it not,” said Edric.

“ Have you no curiosity ?” asked the Mummy, with a ghastly smile.

“ None,” returned Edric ; “ unless it be that I would fain know your history, and the meaning of the sculptures upon your tomb.”

“ What are they ?” demanded Cheops.

“ A youthful warrior is bearing off a beautiful woman in his arms, whilst an old man laments bitterly in the distance.”

“ I was the warrior,” said Cheops ; “ and the beautiful female was Arsinoë. I loved her, and to gratify my impetuous passion I tore her from the arms of her father by force.”

“ The warrior is afterwards contending with the old man who falls beneath his blows—”

“ He did, he did,” cried Cheops ; “ he died by my hand ; and eternal misery haunts me for the deed.”

“ And this old man was—”

“ My father !” cried the Mummy, writhing in agony.

“ And Arsinoë—”

“ My sister—my own, my beloved sister !”

A solemn pause followed this speech, for Edric was too much shocked to speak again to the awful being who had avowed such crimes, and upon whose face were traced passions too horrible to be imagined. After a short silence Cheops again exclaimed—

“ Yes, yes ; I see your horror, and it is just ; but think you that I do not suffer ? know that a fiend—a wild, never-dying fiend rages here,” continued he, pressing his hand upon his breast. “ It gnaws my vitals—it burns with unquenchable fire and never ceasing torment. Permitted for a time to revisit earth, I have made use of the powers entrusted to me to assist the good and punish the malevolent. Under pretence of aiding them, I gave them counsels which only plunged them yet deeper in destruction, whilst the evil that my advice appeared to bring upon the good was only like a passing cloud before the sun : it gave lustre to the success that followed. My task is now finished ;—be happy, Edric, for happiness is in your power ; be wise, for wisdom may be obtained by reflection ; and be merciful, for unless we give, how can we ex-

pect mercy? Rely not on your own strength—seek not to pry into mysteries designed to be concealed from man; and enjoy the comforts within your reach—for know, that knowledge, above the sphere of man's capacity, produces only wretchedness; and that to be contented with our station, and to make ourselves useful to our fellow-creatures, is the only true path to happiness."

The Mummy ceased to speak, and his features, which had appeared wild and animated during his conversation with Edric, became fixed—the unearthly lustre that had flashed from his eyes, faded away, and gave place to a glassy deadness—his limbs became rigid, and as the light of the lamp gradually sunk to less distinctness, the ghastly form of the Mummy seemed rapidly changing into stone. Edric felt that the moment when it was possible for him to hold communion with this strange being was rapidly passing away, and almost shrieked as he exclaimed, "One question! only one ere it be too late." The Mummy feebly raised his languid eyelids, but Edric felt his blood freeze at the unnatural glare.

With a violent effort, however, he roused himself to speak. "Was it a human power that dragged you from the tomb?"

"The power that gave me life could alone restore it," replied the Mummy in slow measured accents, as it sank gradually back into its former tomb. Edric shuddered, and involuntarily rushed forward, but the Mummy no longer lived or breathed. Cold, pale, and inanimate it lay, as though its sleep of two thousand years had never been broken.

"Oblivion laid him down upon his hearse!"

and no mortal ever more could boast of holding converse with THE MUMMY.

THE END.

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